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THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 20, 1869.

ARCTIC EXPLORATIONS.

MOST readers of the *Round Table* will probably be already aware—either through the newspaper press or the lecture recently delivered by Dr. Isaac I. Hayes before the American Geographical Society in this city—that the two expeditions which left Europe last year for the polar regions have fared no better than their various predecessors from the fourteenth century down to the present day. The first of these expeditions, organized in Germany, left on the 24th of May, 1868, in a small sailing vessel called the *Greenland*, commanded by Captain Koldewey; but encountering immense ice-fields near Spitzbergen, it was compelled to turn back after having reached lat. $80^{\circ} 5'$ north. The second expedition, fitted out in Sweden, departed on the 4th of July last, in the steamer *Sophie*, under the charge of Prof. Nordenskjöld and Capt. Von Otter, with the intention of wintering in the ice and resuming the voyage this spring. Owing, however, to serious injuries sustained in lat. $81^{\circ} 42'$ north—one degree less northerly than the point reached in 1827 by Capt. Parry, in sleighs—the steamer had to be taken home for repairs. But while these events will be familiar to all who feel any interest in such matters, it may not yet be so generally known that last summer's failures have by no means led to an abandonment of the project itself, for three great nations propose to contest the laurels of polar discovery during the current year. The United States intend to pick up again the thread which had been dropped in consequence of our four years of civil war. Germany, undismayed by her first disappointment, is making arrangements for a second, larger expedition. France, the third nation to enter the lists, has at last completed her long-delayed preparations. The projector of the French expedition, M. Gustave Lambert, appears, however, to have found it no light task to inspire his countrymen with some of his own zeal and enthusiasm. Indeed, the enterprise has matured with a slowness all the more remarkable when we consider how ambitious France usually is to assume on such occasions the initiative in the civilized world. Though the Emperor himself headed the national subscription with 50,000 francs, M. Lambert had nevertheless to deliver over one hundred addresses in different provincial towns before the pitiful sum of half a million which he required for the outfit could be raised. M. Lambert has a theory peculiarly his own. Adopting the views of the Russian naval authorities, especially those entertained by Admirals Wrangel and Anjou, who sailed northward from Siberia in the years 1821 and 1823, he assumes that the most accessible approach to the North Pole is by a departure from Behring's Straits—that out-of-the-way place where Asia and America face each other, and the waves of the Pacific ocean mingle with the waters of the Polar sea. On the part of the United States the palm of polar discovery will be contested by Dr. Hayes, whose two journeys to those regions, previous experiences, scientific attainments, and indomitable resolution admirably fit him for this distinction. His theory of an open Polar sea, and the manner in which it may be reached north of Cape Frazer, through Smith's Sound, are too well known from his published works to require recapitulation here. The German expedition, on the other hand, will most probably again attempt the wide northerly opening of the Atlantic, for Capt. Koldewey is said to have come home more than ever convinced that a passage through the ice can there be forced almost every season. Only, instead of a small sailing vessel like the *Greenland*, he will now have at his service one, perhaps two, steamers. The preparations for the outfit have been undertaken by Mr. H. H. Meier, a wealthy and public-spirited member of the Diet. When the scientific instructions now being drawn up by Dr. Petermann, the distinguished geographer, and other experts are completed, the Bremen National Committee will call upon the public to assist them in floating Germany's second, and we hope more successful, expedition. To understand the marked interest which Germany displays in this international contest it is necessary that we should recur to what happened in 1865, when the successful and promising prosecution of Dr. Hayes's plan had been interrupted by the outbreak of our rebellion, and England had finally relinquished her praiseworthy and persevering efforts to ascertain the fate of Sir John Franklin and his party. It was at this juncture that Capt. Sherard Osborn revived once more the subject of polar exploration by a paper presented to the London Geographical Society. Taking for granted that the Pole is surrounded by land, not water, he asked the Admiralty to furnish him with a couple of steamers, from which sleighing parties could be sent out to accomplish the main purpose of the journey. These premises were, however, so effectively attacked in a letter from Dr. Petermann to the president of the society, the venerable Sir Roderick Murchison, that Capt. Osborn's proposition was not accepted. But it had not been the intention of Dr. Petermann to discourage all further efforts to discover the North Pole. On the contrary, he considered its accomplishment merely a question of time, and had even combated with his characteristic energy the prejudices with which this project has always been regarded in certain quarters. From that day he began seriously to entertain the idea of organizing a German expedition. German science

had prevented British enterprise from pursuing what he considered a mistaken course, and it was now his duty to awaken the slumbering spirit of enterprise in the German nation to show the world that his views had been correct. Attempts were made to secure the co-operation of the Prussian government and the old Federal Diet, but these failed, though for reasons not connected with the scientific merits of the scheme. Appeals to the patriotism and pride of the people were naturally the next step; but as it became just then known in Germany that France also designed to enter the arena as a competitor, Dr. Petermann adopted an apparently desperate resolution. He summoned a few daring young sailors to his side, exhausted all his private resources, and advanced, as it were, to Germany the capital needed for a preliminary expedition. The sailing of the *Greenland* from Bergen on the 24th of May, 1868, was the result of these exertions.

Such is a concise outline of what was done in the last, and is being done for the next attempts to discover the only geographical problem still left for human skill and perseverance to solve—for Africa is about to surrender her mysteries to Livingstone. Utilitarians of the Gradgrind school may perhaps object to the labor and expense of the expeditions; but we reply in the words of Dr. Hayes: "The world has often profited most by those discoveries and those enterprises which possessed at the outset only an abstract value and had little interest to any but the learned." At the same time it must also be admitted that the "high North" exerts a strange fascination. The eternal repose, the unchangeability of its organic and inorganic natures, suggest the thought that the polar regions still retain the character of the first epochs of the creation. The great word decay seems there almost unknown. Swelling, luscious forms and brilliant colors may enchant the eye under the tropics; but what blooms and ripens to-day lies prostrate to-morrow, a prey to destruction, and painful thoughts of the evanescence of the beautiful mar our enjoyment. In the north it is different. In the year 1771 the corpse of a man was found in a hut he had inhabited a century and a half ago—skin, flesh, hair, all were there, only slightly covered with mould. But let the carcass of any animal come into immediate contact with water or ice, and it will be so well preserved during thousands and thousands of years that dogs and men can still eat the meat. Long as the arctic nights are, they pass by without a visible trace. One impenetrable mantle of ice and snow wraps all that exists. Summer hardly melts this crust even in the most sheltered nooks. It unlocks the ground perhaps to the depth of a few feet, but lower down everything remains unchanged from season to season. Not a drop of water permeates the frozen bowels of the earth. Vegetation is confined to the uppermost layers of the soil and the lowest strata of the atmosphere. Plants whose roots grow downward in less severe climates grow horizontally in Nowaja Semla. There is nothing vegetable, no shrub, no grass, higher than a span. The polar willow spreads out its stunted arms like a shrub, with a stem no thicker than a straw, and the foliage which forms its crown consists of a couple of leaves. Some other species of willow (*salix lanata*) drive their stems along the surface, and resemble woods growing rather in than above the earth. The result of this want of trees and vegetation, and even of a vigorous crop of grass, is a strange feeling of solitude and desolation which awes even the rudest sailor who visits these bleak regions. Songless are the few land birds, and the still fewer insects which come out on bright pleasant days flutter by and disappear like spectres; and yet it is not this resemblance to a vast graveyard which impresses us most profoundly in these high latitudes, but the sensation produced by the unused, the unconsumed, the undestroyed—the thought that the productive powers of Mother Earth should slumber here as though the dawn of creation had just broken, and life was yet to follow. But lone and barren as the land appears, the sea and shore teem with life. "The shores of the Behring Sea," says Dr. Hartwig in his admirable book, "are treeless and bleak. The lurid glow of the active volcanoes which tower from out the Atlantic range that forms a curve between two continents illuminates a strange, weird scene. The mainland offers nowhere products to tempt man's rapacity; but all the more animated is the picture presented by the waters. The algae, gigantic gardens, compose round the rocky coasts forests not to be equalled in the torrid zone; medusas, zoöphytes, molluscs, crustacea, countless varieties of fish in immense schools, gigantic swimming mammalia, whales, and walruses, fill the sea and its shores, while above them hover myriads of aquatic birds which resemble in the evening twilight floating islands."

MUSIC OF THE SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES.

THE first of the series of three morning concerts by Madame F. Raymond Ritter and Mr. S. B. Mills, which have been planned by the fine taste of Mr. F. L. Ritter, and by him styled, not inaptly, "Historical Recitals," took place on Saturday, the 6th inst., and few we should think of those who were present would fail to attend the other two. The music was choice, rare, and characteristic, much of it beautiful, all quaint, some absolutely unique. The performance was delightful, Madame Ritter arch and adequate, Mr. Mills unimpeachable as usual. But the great charm was that the music was disinterred from the dust of ages, and the order of its performance devised by a man of genius. There are three things which go to the making of a good concert, namely, good music, good performance, and a well-arranged programme. Really good music, so good that it alone

forms the attraction of a concert, we only find, now that years of neglect and discouragement have led Messrs. Mason and Thomas to discontinue their classical chamber concerts, at the Philharmonic. For good performers, happily, we do not lack. Great violinists, pure sopranos, good and satisfactory musicians of all kinds visit us often and stay with us long; but a really well conceived programme is a work of art in its way, and the public and the artist world have not even agreed on any principle on which it should be constructed. Our Philharmonic, as we know, and, as we think, most wisely, places its *pièce de résistance* in front, and begins with a symphony; but there are Philharmonic societies elsewhere which begin with the overture, placed by us at the end, and play two symphonies, one in each part. Again, our Philharmonic has never yet, to our knowledge, given a quartet, that corner-stone of the whole edifice of musical art, while other similar societies play quartets at every concert as a matter of course. When such divergencies exist among the most learned and conservative bodies of musicians, it is not wonderful that ordinary concerts are made up pretty much at hap-hazard, and that we are often pained to feel that we have failed to enjoy something very exquisite in itself because of the utter incongruity, both in key, mode, style, and sentiment, of the piece which preceded it.

Now, all such discrepancies were guarded against at the recent concert. Mr. Ritter had made his historical selections in such a manner that the music of each school was kept together, like the great Gallery of the Uffizi at Florence, where the words "The Umbrian School," "The Bolognese School," etc., are written over the doors of separate apartments. More than this: Mr. Ritter knew that the airs Madame Ritter would sing differed from those we mostly hear, in that the intervals are more extreme, while the phrases are more cramped; and also that an unaccustomed ear, when once it loses the thread of a fugue, never regains it, and the rest of the piece becomes wearisome and unintelligible. With the utmost skill he therefore arranged that each of the "quaint and curious volumes of forgotten lore" he set before us should serve as an introduction to that which followed. First came a prelude, consisting of a few simple notes boldly struck, and then repeated with a steadily moving accompaniment. Soon a phrase universally known, the first line of the *Hundredth Psalm*, was given, and the most ignorant ear could follow it in the involutions of the short fugue into which it was woven. After that it was easy to follow and comprehend the fugues and sonatas which Mr. Mills played with admirable precision and clearness; and this the whole audience evidently did with ever-increasing interest and louder applause. Meantime the fresh and beautiful melodies which Madame Ritter sang in the intervals of these kindred compositions became each more and more charming, and the concert ended amid very general expressions of interest and satisfaction.

The selections were from the old English and old Italian schools, and folk-songs of various nations. Madame Ritter was much applauded in the beautiful old ballad, *Sally in Our Alley*, and her version, differing as it did from that to which we are accustomed, is, we doubt not, the oldest and the best. We were slightly disappointed in Purcell's famous song, *I Attempt from Love's Sorrow to Fly*; but it is necessary to make the allowance that it was evidently written for a tenor voice. Mr. Ritter says, in his programme, that Purcell, to whose genius he does justice, "is the only English composer at once truly great and thoroughly national." He is the man on whose tombstone, in Westminster Abbey, it is written that he is "gone to that blessed place where only his own harmony can be exceeded." His music, beside a fine vein of melody, is remarkable for the force and expression with which it employs the English language; his song *Mad Bess* was the first attempt—an attempt since often repeated and often successful—to convey in music the varying moods of insanity. His *Come if you Dare!* was sung with immense effect by Sims Reeves some years ago, when the English were agitated by apprehensions of a French invasion. Most amateurs know his exquisite setting of Shakespeare's songs in the *Tempest*, and the manly bass song, *The Owl is Abroad*; but no complete edition of his works is in print, and the singer who sees the name of Purcell on pieces scattered over many collections would do well to give them his attention. We must observe that the English school is divided into several distinctly-marked sections. First, in order of merit, come the writers for the Episcopal Church, who began their labors from the very moment of the separation from Rome, and did much to engage the affections of the English people for the Establishment. Purcell, Byrde, Gibbons, Blow, and Carey were all choir-boys, such as we have in Trinity Church, and their music may be heard in that sacred edifice to this day. Next in order of merit, though anterior in point of time, may be ranked the Madrigalists, whose productions were but recently the subject of our remarks. Puritan harshness on the one hand, and Italian superiority on the other, crushed the art of music in England, and it is probable that Carey was not the only musician who committed suicide in despair. Edward Gibbons, the brother of Orlando, having presented his savings, a thousand pounds, to the king, was fined and punished by the Puritans, and actually driven out of his home at eighty years of age, with two grandchildren who depended on him. Then there is a vast body of English glees, written mostly in the latter half of the last century, which are respectable in their way, but without the wild grace of the earlier music, and only worth attention when these are exhausted.

The first selection from the old Italian school was *The Cat's Fugue* by

Domenico Scarlatti, and we can well believe that "the simple fact seems to have been, that the old master's cat ran over the keys of his clavichord one day; the keys which she happened to press down were taken by the master as the principal notes of the theme from which he formed this fugue." It is certainly a quaint and original one, and Scarlatti's contrapuntal resources wrought a charming morceau from it. We may add that it is very difficult, in a way differing from our modern difficulties, by requiring such wonderful evenness of touch through very long and rapid passages, while yet the subject of the fugue is kept predominant. Mr. Mills played it so that no note was lost, and the footsteps of pussy remained distinctly audible. Nothing has ever equalled the graciousness and beauty of the early Italian school of vocal music, and in Madame Ritter's admirable singing of the devotional *Alla Trinità beata*, and the lovely *Dolce amor* of Cavalli, the change from the English atmosphere into a warmer region was at once apparent.

We have been led into a more extended notice than we had proposed to ourselves of music such as undoubtedly it would be well to hear oftener, and shall only say further that the folk-songs which Madame Ritter sang with so much spirit were scarcely as acceptable as the rest of the selections, the Suabian melody in particular, like the Suabian quartet introduced in the madrigal concerts, being almost coarse; and also, that though it is putting rather a violent construction on the national feeling evinced by Chopin to smuggle him into a historical series under the pretence of folk-music, yet the polonaise in E flat, with its splendid coda, gave such unqualified pleasure that we should be only too glad to hear it again under any pretence whatever.

A ROMANTIC VOYAGE.

IT is surprising, after the many exploring expeditions and prospecting parties which have penetrated into our remote fastnesses in the West, how superficial is our knowledge of those mountain districts. The fields are indeed white unto the harvest, but the laborers are few compared with the extent of territory yet lying an almost *terra incognita*; and strange discoveries will doubtless yet be made, when parts now difficult of access shall have been minutely explored. We confess, however, that our credulity is sorely taxed by the startling assertion that Mr. Catlin, the prairie traveller of Indian notoriety, has announced the existence of a great river, larger than the Mississippi, flowing under the Rocky Mountains. Yet such an hypothesis—for it is nothing more—is not so improbable as might at first be imagined. Many entirely subterranean rivers we know exist, running through deep mines and caves, coming and going no one knows whence or whither, while others, in parts of their career, burrow through underground natural tunnels, to reappear as suddenly miles away; but that a river larger than the Mississippi, flowing under any mountains on the North American continent, could have existed so long without being discovered, is simply impossible, and we shall await with some curiosity the publication of the evidence upon which this singular speculation is based. Without any fanciful theories or colored exaggerations, Western rivers do present many features of peculiar interest, well worthy of examination and study; one of the most singular being the mountain defiles through which, for many miles, they often run.

These canyons, as they are termed, are narrow gorges, ravines, or mountain valleys walled in by steep precipices, or deep chasms formed by a rift or fissure across an extensive plateau, sometimes dry, but more frequently forming the rocky bed of a mountain torrent, which foams and dashes in twilight gloom hundreds of feet below the general surface of the adjacent country. These fissures have not been scooped out by the water-courses, but are apparently the result of some titanic convulsion of nature which has rent the mountains asunder, and made a highway for the rivers to pass through. Of all these remarkable natural curiosities none exceeds in grandeur or extent the great Canyon of the Colorado, a region as little known to science as the interior of Africa or the neighborhood of the North Pole. According to the author of *The Switzerland of America*, it is upwards of three hundred miles long, confined within perpendicular walls of rock, averaging three thousand feet in height, up which no one can climb, down which no one can go, and between which, in the river, rapids and falls and furious eddies render the passage frightful, certainly dangerous, possibly impossible. By the Indians, it is supposed to be the abode of malignant spirits and demons who destroy all who penetrate within its recesses, and among the border population there is a general conviction that whoever ventures into it never comes out alive. The Colorado River, one of the largest on the Pacific coast, is formed by the junction of the Green and the Grand Rivers, the former flowing through Eastern Utah and the latter through Western Colorado. Its general course is south-westerly, chiefly through the territory of Arizona, till it debouches into the Gulf of California. On our best maps much of its route is still a blank space; but a scientific party, mostly young men from Illinois, headed by Professor Powell, is now on an exploring expedition, partly to enlarge their knowledge and recruit their health, but mainly to solve the mystery of the Upper Colorado and its wonderful canyon, by attempting to pass through it in boats or rafts—a passage which has as yet only been successfully accomplished by one man, whose adventures in the gorge form one of the most fascinating stories of peril and hair-breadth escapes we ever remember reading.

In the autumn of 1867 four miners under a Captain Baker were prospecting in South-western Colorado, near the Grand River, just above where it joins the Green, when they were attacked by the Indians. Three members of the party, including the captain, were killed; but two men, James White and Henry Strole, managed to escape to the river. Here they made a cotton-wood raft of three poles, ten feet long and eight inches in diameter, tied together by lariat ropes. Upon this frail bark they placed their provisions and arms, and pushing off from the bank floated down the stream. Forty miles below the mouth of Green River they reached the beginning of Grand Canyon and proceeded safely along it till, on the fourth day of their journey, in passing some severe rapids, both voyagers were washed off. Strole was sucked down by a whirlpool and was no more seen; White with great difficulty succeeded in regaining the raft. From this point the stream rushed over one long succession of dangerous rapids, in which the raft was violently dashed against the rocks and sent whirling round the eddies, and the solitary traveller could only retain his position by tying himself firmly to the poles. In one of these concussions the raft was broken up, but White held on to the fragments till, reaching a shallow eddy, he was able to lash them together again. The rifle and the stock of provisions were, however, irrecoverably lost. After seven more days of exposure to noontide heat and nightly frosts, often drenched by the frequent upsets, and without a particle of food of any description, haggard, emaciated, with reason almost gone, like a weird spectre emerging from the Styx, White reached Colville, in Arizona, a small settlement just below the Canyon. This was on the eighth of September, fourteen days after starting on his perilous voyage, in which he could not have floated less than five hundred miles.

IMITATION AN EVIL.

BIOGRAPHERS have often a foolish fashion of extravagantly and indiscriminately eulogizing their heroes. So prejudiced and partial are the pages they sometimes write that undue reverence is not infrequently paid to the memory of persons who deserved but little commendation in their lives, and dying could at best only look for a dignified and decent silence on the part of their contemporaries. Should it so happen that the lives of such conspicuous individuals be given to the world while still their memory remains green, justice would peremptorily demand that a modicum of truth and moderation should be engrafted on works whose correctness many still living are ready and able to gauge. But if it so happen that a slight mist of forgetfulness or obscurity has time to rise up about the object proposed to be written of, no limit exists to the process of apotheosis save the bounds mercifully accorded by nature to the author's, or rather inventor's, imagination. Virtues dormant in life suddenly assume form and substance, and an admiring generation of newly-fledged readers are wrapt in wonder at the blind stupidity of their ancestors in failing to mark and reward so much merit. Nor does the false fruit borne by this *sine facto* tree perish where it falls; the eager earth greedily swallows its seeds, and soon sends up shoots and sprouts resembling in kind if not in degree the parent stem, to disseminate in turn unhealthy blossoms sown in corruption and seldom raised again in honor. Necessarily, persons clothed in garments of beauty and made to evince striking traits of character—such as courage, fortitude, magnanimity; to parade about in a perfect atmosphere of fascination peculiar to themselves, charming the weaker sex and distracting the ruder with envy and hopelessness; to gracefully permit an admiring and demonstrative audience to stare, shout, and clap their hands at such a grand display of military or forensic power, and to exhibit in misfortune a native heroism almost unparalleled in authentic history—afford a model of perfection which unsophisticated youth is only too ardent to seize upon and copy, especially if a dash of romance or sentiment is thrown in by the biographer as a make-weight. Should these young imitators chance subsequently to discover that their particular heroes were merely mortals and subject to like passions with themselves, so enchanted are they apt to become at the unexpected and inferential compliment paid to their own frailty, that they straightway elevate the vices of their models to a level with their supposititious virtues, merging the latter in the fulness of the former. Nor are eminent classic, theologic, or philanthropic examples the most popular objects of imitation. The showy man of the world, whether successful or not, is much more likely to be copied, so brilliant and gallant are his manner, address, demeanor. For this reason Chesterfield and Burr, and individuals of much less calibre but of the same type, are more frequently followed in practice and precept than worthier and abler models. Burr, particularly, elegant, polished, self-assured, winning with the ladies, brave in battle, prominent at the bar, at home in society—selfish and unprincipled as he also was—is regarded by a multitude of young men of the present period as a person to emulate in vice as well as in the scant virtue he possessed. This sentiment takes its origin in the adulation bestowed upon him by his latest, but not his most trustworthy, biographer, who, as a matter of course, lived long after his real reputation was estimated. To the few survivors of his day Burr does not stand in the undimmed light attempted to be shed upon him. Vain, ambitious, unscrupulous in early life, vicious and defiant in maturity, and a cold egotist always, the model set up cannot without an enormous stretch of credulity be regarded as altogether a healthy or faultless one to follow. However stern and unwincing Burr was under the rod of affliction and the ban of society, it must be admitted that

his life was a failure, his fame full of blemishes, and his memory unblessed. What folly, then, to eulogize or imitate such a career! Indeed, any close copying of another is not well. Each individual should endeavor to form for himself a natural, truthful, and characteristic personality, unwarping by imaginary superiority in others. If a *fac-simile* of any peculiar person or line of conduct must be struck off, then that of the only perfect being the world has ever seen, namely, Him who can make us wise unto salvation, stands ready for adoration, to prove how utterly insignificant and contemptible are the best and brightest human standards of excellence. The Emperor Napoleon has been held up as a pattern of perfection by many enthusiastic admirers. Really great and eminently superior in capacity and station to the examples above cited as assuredly he was, yet is it right or in good taste for a minister of the gospel to clothe him with all the attributes of saintship? Theodore Cuyler terms the process resorted to in this instance "veneering and varnishing the Bonaparte family." The highest aim and purpose of biography would seem to be to present in truthful colors individual characteristics and circumstances, and point thereby the moral of their lives, whether for good or evil. To torture facts to fit individuals, or to screw an individual into a resplendent suit of fiction, is the province of the novelist, not the biographer. The exposition of truth, plain, unadorned truth, should be the end of all investigation into reality. A dress-parade of tinsel and flummery is entirely out of place. The beauties of rhetoric may, however, lavishly lend their aid to deck biography as well as fiction. All that is asked is that the truth shall not be so thickly overlaid with fanciful adornments as to render it no longer serviceable as a beacon-light to welcome to a safe and commodious harbor, or to flame its lurid warning on the rocky headland. For as long as biographical exaggeration passes unscathed of criticism, the very errors now deplored will inevitably result—namely, distortion of fact to accommodate falsehood, and the unhappy sequel of unsophisticated youth adopting rules and habits of life not only disastrous to themselves, but consequently pernicious in effect upon an age they might have graced but for this propensity in human nature to imitate ideal standards which the world failed to honor in their time, and fertile imaginations subsequently colored to suit the purpose of popularity.

CLUB GAMBLING.

THE influence which clubs exert on the manners and morals of society at large is probably greater than most people at all imagine. That they are potent in moulding public opinion is readily apparent; nor need we go back to the trite illustration of those Paris clubs which nursed the Revolution, when our own Union League furnishes quite as apt and almost as illustrious an example. But the silent, subtle forces which fashion manners are less perceptible than the power which sways convictions; it takes a tempest to bend an oak, but a breath will float a gossamer. Yet a little reflection will show that clubs should wield social, fully commensurate with their political influence. They epitomize the culture of the community; they draw to themselves and concentrate, as it were, all that it has of best in wealth, refinement, station, and talent; and they hedge round their fastidious doorways with such tests and shibboleths of decorum that their members are almost by the very fact guaranteed to be gentlemen. So it is that to the club man attaches at once and everywhere a certain sort of social prestige which is none the less effective to good or evil for being so often undeserved. Who is he? Oh! he belongs to the Rhododendron Club, the same that the famous poet, the eloquent preacher, the profound lawyer, the brilliant novelist, the accomplished historian, the renowned banker belong to. He mingles on terms of familiar intercourse and equality with these great men; he is one of them. His social position is secured at once; all doors fly open at his Sesame; all hands are outstretched to greet him; beauty and dignity, youth and age are rivals in ministering to his comfort. Young men boast of his friendship, and young women strive for his favor; a smile from him is happiness, a half hour in his company is fame. He is the fashion in his set; the tie of his cravat, the turn of his moustache is studied and copied; his tailor and his bootmaker become the rage. Involuntarily he is made the *arbitrator morum et elegantiarum* for all less fortunate youth to whom the mysterious club-house portals have not yet learned to unclose; his manner of speech, his way of lifting his hat, his gait, his various tastes, are imitated with curious zeal. What he approves is style; what he condemns is *mauvais ton*, and no more said. So the club becomes a school of manners; a social Academe, whence hundreds of Platos constantly radiate to preach to every circle of society in eloquent pantomime their doctrines of etiquette and decorum. And, as is always the case, the inexperience which can set up such models, naturally selects for imitation their worst and not their best peculiarities; it is the club man's vices much oftener than his virtues which his follower emulates. Not only to itself but to the community it so largely influences does the club owe it to see that the doctrine it disseminates shall not be pernicious, and that the young man who looks to it for his model of gentlemanly behavior shall not be presented with a false and poisonous example.

Of course we speak not as moralists, but as gentlemen. The club professes to be an association of gentlemen governed by the conventional rules of honor; and the community has a right to exact of it that it shall vindicate its professions by keeping its membership up to that moderate standard. A very unprincipled man may still be a man of honor, and one

to whom the tables of the law are a by-word and a reproach may be to all social intents a most estimable gentleman. All that society demands, and that it has surely a right to demand, of the club, is that it shall conform, and make its members conform, to the usual requirements of decency and honor. Opinions may differ on points of morality as to what is right and what is wrong: but in matters of honor there is a very well defined code which all gentlemen understand. Gaming may or may not be morally wrong; yet public opinion to some extent lends it countenance, and its practice, while nominally forbidden, is openly permitted in all our clubs. But there can be no doubt as to the nature of the offence which that person commits who, deliberately engaging in a game of chance, and, by his own act estopped from the right to question its propriety, shall refuse to meet his losses therein incurred. He puts himself outside of the pale of gentlemen; and the club which by its implied endorsement is implicated in his dishonor cannot too soon vindicate itself from the disgrace of his membership.

Probably it is needless to make any application of these remarks. We Americans are prone to brag on the sensitiveness of our honor, but it seems to be a shopkeeper's notion of honor, to be carried in the pocket. Rapidly we are giving in our adhesion to that sublimest of moral ideas which makes it the height of cleverness to do the forbidden thing and then to evade its penalties. The *morale* of our clubs only reflects and emphasizes the social degradation it fosters.

KANT'S CRITIC OF PURE REASON. (CONCLUDING ARTICLE.)

WE have shown in the previous three articles how utterly false the notion is that Kant was a sceptic. There is not the shadow of scepticism about him; and his style is quite as energetic as his proof is mathematically complete. It should be rather said of him, that he was the first man who made scepticism impossible, in that he demonstrated, firstly, that cognition is impossible unless there is an absolute, universally valid science of knowing; secondly, that sensuous contemplations are impossible unless there are *absolute à priori* forms of all contemplation; and, thirdly, that conscious perception is impossible unless there are *absolute* ground-forms of the understanding valid for all rational being. But has he not asserted the impossibility of a science of metaphysics, and shown that our reason is irretrievably involved in a series of antinomies which make absolute truth impossible to our minds? If Kant had asserted this, it would certainly be just to charge him with scepticism; but if he has furnished *absolute demonstration* that a science of metaphysics *must be impossible*—because, if it were possible, conscious perception were impossible—and that those antinomies must be if conscious perception is to be possible, then he, on the contrary, has completed his science of absolute knowing for all departments of reason. And such is the case. That faculty of human reason which asks for the unconditioned or absolute in all cognitions Kant calls pure reason. Now, Kant's great discovery was, that it is *contradictory to seek* for this absoluteness in objective cognitions (since these are all statements of conditioned relations), and that, if it is to be *found*, it can be found only in knowing itself, and that hence the only product of absolute knowing can be a science of knowledge. Only the METHOD is absolute. But previous philosophers, such as Plato—dissatisfied with the empirical nature of our sensations and contemplations, and longing for absolute truth, but blind to the fact that it is contradictory to seek for absoluteness in objective cognitions—had fallen into the grievous error of supposing that it was possible to arrive at absoluteness of knowledge by *drawing conclusions* from empirical cognitions; never clearly apprehending that this drawing of conclusions must be an infinite series, and can, therefore, never lead to any certainty. This drawing of conclusions they had established as a science, and then divided the world into two classes of men, the one class living in the unreality and shadow life of sensations and cognitions of sensations; the other class (themselves) enjoying the wonderful delights of a supersensuous world, to which only the elect and possessors of the science of ideas had access.

Common sense, of course, had rebelled against this pretension; but overleaping itself in this rebellion, had denied, with all the loud-mouthedness of the Comte-Mill-Spencer school of to-day, the impossibility of all absolute knowledge. In his first part of the *Critic of Pure Reason* Kant had silenced this denial by showing that without absolute knowledge no knowledge at all were possible. At the same time he had taken care to insist energetically that we can have cognition only of sensations and contemplations, and that hence common sense had access to all the knowledge accessible to mankind in general. It remained to show how that pretension of a peculiar and higher knowledge had become possible; or to answer the question, Is a science of metaphysics possible as a science of the absolute? And this Kant answered by showing that a science of the absolute is possible only as a science of knowledge. In this investigation Kant found that the fundamental ground of explanation for all endeavors to establish a science of metaphysics or ideas lies in this, that from the possibility in the ego to think itself *purely* (that is, as ego and without any reference to an empirical content in it), it becomes possible to apply the *à priori* forms of its cognitions to a *fictitious condition prior to or outside of conscious perception*. There are and can be only three such conditions to which they can be applied, and hence there are possible only three fallacy-states of reason; the first state being one where those forms of cognition are applied to the pure ego as thought outside of all conscious perception; the second, where they are applied to the thought of a totality of all external objects; and the third, where they are applied to both thoughts together, or to the absolute unity of all conditions of objects. The first state, Kant calls *paralogism* of reason; the second, *antinomy* of reason, and the third, the *ideal* of reason. In each such state four modes of application—and hence four chief fallacies—according to the four forms, space, time, quantity or substantiality, and quality or causality, are possible. By means of the *paralogisms* previous metaphysicians had tried to prove *immortality* in asserting the soul to be—1, simple; 2, a person; 3, distinct from the body; and 4, a substance. All these assertions rested upon the same fallacy, as in the latter, for instance, by applying to the con-

ception of the thinking subject, or of the pure ego, the predicate of substance. Kant demonstrated the fallacy in this proof, by showing that in it the thinking subject applies to itself as pure ego and beyond the empirical world a category, *which itself has created only for the empirical world*. The conception of substantiality, like all categories, is valid only for the empirical world and for contemplations, but not for that unity of consciousness (the ego) which is merely in thinking. The application is, therefore, unwarranted, and immortality cannot be proved by any conclusion drawn from empirical cognition, since no such conclusion can ever lead us outside of the empirical world.

By means of the *antinomies* of reason, metaphysicians had tried to prove on the one hand Freedom, by showing that the world must have a beginning in time, a limit in space, simple parts and a free first cause; and on the other hand Necessity, by showing the very reverse. For it is the peculiarity of this mode of applying the categories of the understanding to the totality of the external objects, that it can be done in a twofold manner, either of which, however, is wholly unauthorized. The reason why in this case there are possible two utterly opposite modes lies in this: that the world as a *series* in time may be regarded—by a reason which seeks to arrive at the unconditioned, and this characterizes reason, according to Kant—as either a totality or an infinite series. Now, the metaphysician who regards the whole series as a totality—although as such it is only in his thinking and can never enter his empirical knowledge—and yet applies to this purely thought totality those forms of the understanding which are applicable solely for empirical cognition, is just as unwarranted in his proceeding as his opponent who regards it as an infinite series, which *infinite* series lies equally beyond empirical cognition. Both parties have no right to make any such application of the categories; it is absurd and contradictory to do it; for those categories are forms of cognition only for the world of appearances. The error is rooted, as Kant again and again in the most emphatic manner reiterates, in considering the external world as if it were really something in itself (whereas it can be considered only as an appearance in our consciousness), and hence in applying the categories to it as if they were forms under which the world existed; whereas they are only forms under which we become conscious of the world. The seeking for the unconditioned in the series of the external objects is, therefore, utterly unwarranted and self-contradictory; and, in so far as reason seeks always for the unconditioned, this tendency with reference to the external objects is to be regarded simply as a *problem to seek it*. In other words: in our empirical *regressus* our reason requires that we should always go back from one series to a previous one; but we should be neither so absurd as to expect an arrival at a first cause, origin of the world, limit of space, ultimate atoms, etc., nor so self-contradictory as empirically to assert of the world-series an infinity which lies equally beyond empirical consciousness. Freedom can, therefore, not be proved (nor necessity, to be sure) from an application of the categories to the totality of external objects, since from every link we must go back to a previous one wherewith to connect it. In so far, therefore, as the external objects are *appearances* (or externalized sensations) the connection of causality must be applied in an indefinite *regressus*, and to regard the world of nature otherwise than under that law is absurd.

"But supposing that hereafter—not in experience but in certain *à priori* fixed laws (not merely logical) of our pure reason—we should find occasion to pre-suppose ourselves as prescribing laws for ourselves completely *à priori* in regard to our own existence, and as, moreover, self-determining this our existence: we should then have discovered a spontaneity, through which our actuality were determinable without needing the conditions of empirical contemplation; and we should then become aware that in the consciousness of our existence there is a *à priori* something contained that may serve to determine our existence (which only in its sensuous aspects is purely determinable) in relation to a moral world, and by means of a certain inner faculty (conscience)."

In other words: the *Critic of Pure Reason* deals only with the forms of knowing, or with theoretical knowing, and not at all with the matter of knowing. That matter it finds given as a system of sensations, concerning the origin whereof it is impossible to say anything, since it is a contradiction or impossible to ask for it. Now, the forms through which we receive those sensations into our cognition are absolutely valid for all cognition, and these forms prescribe for all series of empirical consciousness—as a series of time-movements connected and conditioned regressively—the law of causality. Hence, in so far as we direct our cognition, or theoretical reasoning, upon the empirical world of objects, the law of causality is unconditionally to be applied. But this does not by any means preclude the possibility that the whole original limitedness (systems of sensations and contemplations) of the ego, which in our cognition thereof we must view as related through causality, may not be—when placed in another relation to us than that of cognition—also viewed as the product of an *absolute* causality, or of freedom; and that, beside the world of time and space, there may not be in the ego originally another world, not to be known in the forms of time and space and of the categories, and in which therefore absolute freedom reigns. That there is such another world appears already from the fact that we have such conceptions as virtue, right, etc., which are not determined by our forms of sensuous contemplation or of the understanding. This problem, however, does not belong to a system of theoretical or pure reason, but rather constitutes a system of *practical reason*.

By means of the ideal of reason metaphysicians had tried to prove a God. To do so they applied to the thought of the absolute unity of all conditions of objects (*i. e.*, both objective and subjective conditions) the categories of the understanding, which are applicable only to the series of empirical objects in our consciousness; and, as they applied the categories of quantity, quality, and relation, attempted an ontological, a cosmological, and a physico-theological proof. As none of these categories are applicable to a thought beyond all experience, the three proofs are fallacies and inadmissible. In short, and as Fichte expresses it tersely, the conception of God is one which cannot be determined by categories of existence, but only by predicates of an activity. To supply the categories of existence, and hence to speak of God as a Supreme Governor, a Person, a Creator—instead of a governing, a creating—is very natural, and has its root, together with all the other fallacies of reason, as has already been shown, in the power of the ego to think itself purely, and to forget that, when the ego has abstracted from all conscious perception, its *à priori* forms of cognition are no longer applicable. By speaking of God as a person you reduce Him to an object of that very empirical perception, above which your conception of God would elevate Him. When you say of Him, He is a person; you predicate of Him all the conditions of personality, which conditions you well know; for unless you

do know them you know not what you say when you call Him a person. Now, these conditions are time, space, the categories, a material universe, a body, other persons, etc. And yet in your original conception of God you did not intend to limit Him by these conditions. Hence your conception is self-contradictory. But if you say, God is a governing, creating, etc., you do not thus contradict yourself, since neither predicate limits the conception; for you may keep on adding predicates of activity to an infinite number. Nay, your conception of God is precisely that of all these infinite activities thought together.

To arrive at an unconditioned through theoretical reasoning in the world of external perception is, therefore, impossible and self-contradictory. The absolute and unconditioned in *theoretical reasoning* is to be found solely in the forms of cognitions and in the method which establishes them, or in the science of knowledge. This science of knowledge is the true absolute, which previous dogmatic philosophers had vainly sought to arrive at in so-called objective cognitions; and by establishing this fact Kant made impossible all future scepticism. That this great discovery of his has not become generally known and acknowledged is certainly not his fault.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

LET US HAVE THE SPECIE STANDARD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: I desire to submit to your readers whether it is not the specie standard we need, and not specie itself; and whether it is not possible to return at once to this standard without any danger of a financial crisis?

Hitherto, or until the publication of an article in *Putnam's Monthly* for March, only one writer has been found bold enough to advocate justice to the debtors, because the managers of the press and members of Congress generally are under the influence of capitalists, and this class does not favor justice to the debtors. But our new President has struck the key-note, and we have reason to hope that now a movement will be set on foot to secure an early return to the specie standard, having in view justice to all parties.

This can be had by a repeal of the legal tender act, with a proviso that contracts existing at that date, payable in currency, shall not be prejudiced, but paid when due at the commercial value they had at the time the standard is changed. This is in strict accordance with the provision in the Constitution which forbids that any state shall enact laws tending to impair the validity of contracts, which would certainly ensue if the monetary standard should be changed either way.

What we claim for the debtors is that their obligations, contracted for property at high prices, since the passage of the legal tender act and consequent degradation of our standard shall not be paid in a currency or by a standard more valuable by at least one-third than they have agreed to recognize. They are both able and willing, as fast as their debts fall due, to pay them as they have agreed; but they are not willing, nor can they pay them with one-third added to the original sum, as has been constantly proposed in the *New York Tribune* and other quarters, where there appears to be a determination to adopt a course which will break down our working-men, and make the rich richer and the poor poorer.

This plan of commuting currency debts into those payable in coin or its equivalent has been denounced by creditors as repudiation, because it contemplates paying a less number of dollars than is named in the bond, and it is the influence of these persons which has prevented thus far any adjustment of the question and kept the country in suspense for years, while they have been seeking to obtain by contraction, or some other mode, such an appreciation in the value of the legal tenders as would give them gold instead of paper, in which the debts were originally contracted, and in which, or its equivalent value, they should be paid.

Any attempt to obtain more than is due is as much repudiation as a refusal to pay less, and therefore we think that the debtors are justified in asserting that it is not they who are to be charged with this sin, because they are ready, as has already been said, to pay the full value of all they owe, though not so many gold dollars as they would of paper. But they will give all the real value, or purchasing power, which the creditor can justly demand, and there they propose to stop. And we, who have been looking at this question from an impartial stand-point, believe that until the creditors can see that they are not to have gold where only paper is due, there will be no more progress than there has been for three or four years past, which is none at all.

We earnestly hope that ere long our moneyed men and those who by their position can aid in shaping legislation at Washington will see that the true interests of the country, as well as their own, can be promoted only by seeking to do justice to all parties—by doing, as our President would have us, to others as we would that they should do to us. Adopt this simple rule for our guidance, and resumption may be had at once with perfect safety and convenience to all parties, except the speculators and those who are in business for which they have not legitimate means. These would suffer, but all others would gain immensely and the country be at peace.

D. W.

Boston, March 9, 1869.

ASPIRATING UNACCENTED SYLLABLES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ROUND TABLE:

SIR: I find considerable difference in the practice of our best writers as to the use of the indefinite article before polysyllabic words beginning with "h" where the first syllable is unaccented or has only a secondary accent. What should be the rule in such cases? Must we say *a historic* or *an historic* parallel, *a harmonious* or *an harmonious* combination, *a horizontal* or *an horizontal* line, *a homologous* or *an homologous* structure, etc. Where the emphasis falls upon the initial syllable there is no room for doubt; but when this is not the case, euphony seems to require the use of the latter form of the article. It is certainly much easier and more musical, for instance, to say *an harmonium* than *a harmonium*, and we thus avoid a harsh hiatus, exceeding grating to a sensitive ear. Perhaps some of your correspondents, who have made these trifles their study, can enlighten

A PERPLEXED READER.

SUMMARY OF THE WEEK.

HOME AFFAIRS.

AMONG the bills transferred from the last Congress to the present one are the tenure of civil office act, the bill to strengthen public credit, the Indian appropriation bill, the amendatory internal revenue bill, and the bill to redistribute the national currency. During the week, two of these acts, the tenure of office bill and that to strengthen public credit, have been under discussion. The second section of Mr. Schenck's old bill, relating to gold contracts, has been struck out, and the act in its amended form will shortly reach the President. The repeal of the tenure of office bill does not appear probable, but its operation will doubtless be suspended and the act thus got rid of. The House has agreed to a resolution to appoint a joint committee of three senators and six representatives on Indian affairs. By a concurrent resolution of the two houses, Congress will adjourn on the 26th inst. Revs. Dr. Newman and J. G. Butler have been elected chaplains respectively of the Senate and the House. The cabinet has been reconstructed, Hon. George S. Boutwell having been appointed to the Treasury, General John A. Rawlins Secretary of War, and Hamilton Fish Secretary of State.

Harris, the negro who in 1867 murdered two ladies at West Auburn, was hanged on the 12th inst. He left a written confession stating that he never intended murder, but merely robbery.—A New York tradesman suddenly disappeared from home and business last October, and it was thought he was killed. On the 4th instant, however, he returned. He had been assaulted and drugged, and on returning to consciousness found himself on board a ship in a tropical climate. He was wrecked, saved himself on a spar, was picked up by a passing vessel, and ultimately reached home again.—Cattle-stealing has recently been rife in Texas and the Indian Territory, white men buying the stolen animals from the Indian thieves at nominal prices. Gen. Sheridan has just banished these speculators from the territory, and ordered the stolen property to be restored.—Two horse thieves named Simmons were hanged in Butler, Mo., recently by a party of disguised men.—A madman in New Jersey amused himself last week in firing with a double-barrelled shot-gun at the members of his family, and kept them by this means prisoners for two days. He then got drunk, was seized and sent to a lunatic asylum.—At Bridgeport, Ill., on the 9th, the wife and two children of Morris Fear were found dead in bed, and the husband lying insensible with the putrefying corpses. They are supposed to have been poisoned. Fear is recovering.—Several Chinese burglars have arrived at San Francisco. They employ a powerful anæsthetic.—At St. Paul, Minn., the other day, a young married woman whose good name had been spoken ill of by her neighbors, attempted to commit suicide by leaping down a well sixty feet deep. She was not hurt by the fall, and as the water was too shallow to drown her, she was rescued next morning, half dead from exposure to cold and wet.—A policeman named Barr, making an arrest in a disreputable house in Nashville, Tenn., on the 12th, killed one of the inmates named Reddick by shooting him three times with a pistol.—Charles Wallace, editor of the *Warrenton (Ga.) Clipper*, was shot with a rifle by a Dr. G. W. Darden, whom he had denounced as a liar and a villain, and was instantly killed. Darden was afterward shot by the Ku-Klux and fell pierced with a hundred bullets.—In a recent affray at the Taunton State Lunatic Asylum, Mass., one of the inmates named Parks was killed, his breast-bone and eleven ribs having been fractured.

Mrs. Emmons, 60, her daughter and grandson, were frozen to death in a snow-drift near Peacham Corners, Vt., on the 5th.—Some loose old iron rails on a construction train on the Erie road were dashed the other day into the smoking car of a passing passenger train, injuring three men.—In a terrific boiler explosion at Nunda Station, N. Y., in a steam flour and lumber mill, three men were killed and several seriously injured. The building was completely destroyed.—By the explosion of a stove in a public school-house in Baltimore County, Md., on the 3d, two girls were fatally and five or six seriously injured.—A collision occurred between the steamboats *Swan* and *Fanita*, near Fort Delaware, on the 11th. The former sank, but all the passengers were saved. The weather was foggy.—On the 11th a house fell down in Philadelphia, killing a woman and two children.

The ship *James Foster* arrived at New York on the 8th from Liverpool with 146 immigrants, after a protracted voyage of nearly three months. The wretched passengers had been huddled together in a small, ill-ventilated steerage, half-starved, and treated by the officers and crew of the ship with great cruelty and inhumanity. Disease broke out, several died on the passage, one man committed suicide, and the rest are prostrate and emaciated with fever and hunger. The steerage was a perfect pest-house, filth of the most disgusting kind being everywhere prevalent. The Commissioners of Emigration are investigating the matter with the view of punishing the offenders and preventing similar occurrences, now happily rare. A parallel case occurred on board the ship *American Union*, which left Liverpool for New York on the 17th of last October.

A lumber yard at Boston, valued at \$60,000, was destroyed by fire on the 8th.—On the 5th, at Winooski Falls, Vt., a barn containing 145 animals, a hundred bushels of wheat, beside other grain, and farm implements, was burnt down.—A serious fire occurred in Dey and West Streets, New York, on the 8th, inflicting damage to the amount of \$90,000.—A large planing mill in Jersey City was burnt down on the 10th. Loss \$100,000.—An extensive fire at Troy, N. Y., on the 11th, destroyed property worth from \$75,000 to \$100,000.

The *Middletown (N. Y.) Mail* describes a fight between "James Brooks, the Wild-Cat Killer of Eden," and a whole litter of irate felines. The old animals were in a state of intense ferocity, their eyes glaring like coals of fire, and their hair literally standing on end. Brooks was armed with a short hickory cudgel, which he used with such dexterity that, after a desperate struggle, in which his clothes of stout homespun were torn to shreds and he was frightfully lacerated, he remained master of the field. "Tying the tails of the six wild-cats together, and swinging them around his neck, he walked home with his trophies."

An extraordinary will case was tried at Newburg, N. Y., on the 3d inst, involving property worth \$2,000,000. The estate was left by a Mrs. Mary Powell to her only daughter, but two grandchildren, daughters of a deceased son, dispute the validity of the will on the ground that Mrs. Powell was a spiritualist, a

believer in visions, and incompetent to dispose of property—spiritualism being regarded as a form of insanity. Quotations were given from the Bible, Milton, Johnson, Addison, and others to show that a belief in the supernatural was consistent with a rational and sound mind. Decision was reserved.

The *Baltimore Gazette* tells a romantic story of a German baron killing his wife's paramour, fleeing to the Crimea, and finally turning up years after in Baltimore to find his wife married to another man and serving in a music shop. After his flight the wife married again, and emigrated to America with the baron's two daughters. The secret was kept, the baron visited the house as a teacher of language, and the girls remained in ignorance of their rank till their father's recent death.

Mr. Glenn, of New Market, Tenn., was ploughing on his farm when his horses, says a local paper, suddenly disappeared, the ground having given way under them, forming a cavity twenty feet in diameter, on each side of which is a fissure apparently unfathomable.

A young man in Ohio recently left home in his sleigh in the morning and was brought back in the afternoon dead, the horses having trotted home of their own accord. Death was the result of apoplexy.

On the Jersey City and Bergen Railroad is a steep incline with an old stone quarry at the foot. In descending this the other day one of the cars, owing to a failure of the brake, plunged forward, got off the track, and leaped into the quarry below. The passengers were terribly frightened and bruised, some in trying to leap off and others by the concussion.

The *Harry Bluff* of New York, from Cadiz for Boston, with a cargo of wine, was wrecked on Nantucket Shoals on the 28th ult. Two of the crew were drowned and two frozen to death. After intense sufferings, the remainder of the crew, who had taken to the long-boat, were picked up by a passing vessel.

The skating match between Frank Swift and Callie Curtis for the diamond medal and the championship of America came off at Rochester, N. Y., on the 15th, and was won by Curtis by six points.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE English government contemplate reducing the naval estimates by £1,000,000. The effect of the Irish Church bill will be, if carried, that all ecclesiastical appointments after Jan. 1, 1871, will be made without freehold. The present clergy will receive life annuities. All private endowments to remain intact. Ecclesiastical courts and corporations and the right of Irish bishops to the peerage to be abolished. St. Patrick's, and eleven other cathedrals, to be supported as national property. The Presbyterian clergy to receive annuities in lieu of the *Regium Donum*, and Maynooth and the Presbyterian colleges capitalized sums of money. The remainder of the church property, valued at \$40,000,000 (gold), to be employed for the advantage of the Irish people. A parliamentary committee has been appointed to examine and report on mail contracts to the United States. Of the 81 Fenian convicts undergoing penal servitude 49 are to be discharged unconditionally; the remainder are the organizers and chiefs of the conspiracy. Four hundred limited joint stock companies are now being wound up in London. On the 15th the Mayor of Dublin presented a petition to the Queen at Windsor Castle praying for the disestablishment of the Irish Church. The bill abolishing university tests has been read a second time.

An incendiary fire occurred in the Royal Barracks at Madrid on the 7th. There was a stormy debate in the Cortes on the 8th, when the republican members bitterly attacked the ministry for their alleged monarchical proclivities. Marshal Serrano defended the government, asserting the sovereign authority of the Cortes, which alone should determine the form of government and the choice of the ruler. The minister of finance is in favor of free trade, advocates immediate but gradual reform in the customs, and asks for a loan of 1,000,000,000 reals to meet extraordinary expenses. The government has telegraphed General Dulce to suspend the execution of insurgents in Cuba condemned to death. Twenty-five thousand recruits are to be raised to complete the army. The Duke of Montpensier declares he does not seek the Spanish throne.

Several reports are in circulation regarding President Grant's views on the Cuban question. Slight skirmishes between the troops and insurgents have occurred, but nothing of a decisive character. Cholera has entirely disappeared from Santiago de Cuba. A small band of American filibusters are reported on their way to join the rebels. Stagnation and distrust in business circles is everywhere increasing. Capote, the insurgent leader, was tried and shot at Cienfuegos. A battle is reported to have been fought at Mayari, in which the government troops were successful. The Revolutionary Assembly has decreed the immediate and unconditional abolition of slavery.

Military executions in Mexico are frequent and create general dismay. Juarez has ordered officers to bring their prisoners to the capital for trial. The situation of the President is described as critical; his forces are limited, the treasury is depleted, and outrages go unpunished.

The Austrian frigate *Radetzky* was recently blown up near the island of Lissa, in the Adriatic. Of her crew and marines, numbering three hundred and sixty-five men, only twenty-three saved themselves by swimming. The explosion took place in the powder-room, and was heard at a distance of ten miles.

At Grenoble, February 20, Baroness Brayer, seized with a fit of insanity, shot her husband and only son, and blew out her own brains.

The Dominion of Canada has been visited by very heavy snow-storms, eight to ten feet deep, which have blocked up all the railroads, buried travellers in the drifts, and destroyed several persons by falling in large masses from the cliffs.

The American Presbyterian Church at Montreal has given a call to Henry Ward Beecher, offering him a salary equal to what he now receives.

It is reported that the French Atlantic cable will be laid in June. It will proceed from Cape Ushant *via* St. Pierre, a French island near Newfoundland, to Cape Cod, and land at Plymouth, Massachusetts—the total length being about 3,564 nautical miles. It is to be an improvement upon the present cable.

The ex-King of Hanover has protested against the confiscation of his private property by the Prussian government.

St. Thomas is to remain a coaling station for the British mail steamers.

Insurrectionary movements, headed by the dethroned Ameer of Cabool, have broken out in Turkistan. The British garrison of Kohat, twenty-five miles from Peshawur, was attacked; with but little loss, however, to the defenders.

REVIEWS.

All books designed for review in the ROUND TABLE must be sent to this office.

CHINA AND THE CHINESE.*

IN the early history of the North American continent nothing, perhaps, is more striking than the totally dissimilar methods by which the English and the French sought to colonize and subdue the vast territories which maritime discovery had thrown open to daring and enterprise. The latter, polite, suave, pliable, ingratiated themselves with the natives, adopted their habits, spread themselves in isolated detachments along the rivers, where they were welcomed as friends, and soon sank to the level of the surrounding aborigines. On the other hand, the Anglo-Saxon intruders formed a thin line along the Atlantic coast, often wavering, but always steadily advancing, driving before them the rude inhabitants, for whom they took no pains to conceal their contempt and with whom they were continually at war, till new kingdoms were carved out by their sturdy strokes. Something of the same energy, the same dogged obstinacy, the same independent self-reliance, the same contempt for the usages of a strange people, the same disregard of danger, the same dauntless perseverance under difficulties, have in our day shattered the self-raised barriers behind which, for so many centuries, the Chinese have intrenched themselves, and brought one-third of the human race into more direct relations with the rest of the world. Not that the two cases are strictly parallel. Neither this country nor any European nation, Russia perhaps alone excepted, has any idea of territorial aggrandizement in putting an end to Chinese isolation. The contest is but a continuation of the old struggle for the trade of the Indies, a trade which excited the cupidity of the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies, blazed fiercely up in the middle ages, and even now forms the rich prize for which the whole commercial world is striving. Who is to control, or at least secure, the lion's share of the opening traffic with China? Great Britain is making strenuous efforts to reach the goal. She is developing railroads and steamship lines, and will prove a formidable competitor in the race, now that the opportune opening of the Suez canal has shortened her sea-route. But in trying to achieve her object she has been haughty, high-handed, intolerant, inciting popular outbreaks and then promptly making them the bases of concessions and favors. In a certain sense this course has been undoubtedly successful—privileges have been granted from fear or policy—but it has produced against the English a deeper feeling of hatred than the Chinese entertain for any other people. Combining with our national energy of character much of French suavity and diplomacy, and that cosmopolitan large-heartedness which rises superior to local castes and prejudices, we have achieved even more signal commercial successes, and at the same time retained the friendship and confidence of the Chinese—a point of vital importance in our future dealings with that empire. How great the foreign trade of China will become it would be difficult to predict; but remembering her vast territories, her dense population, and her multifarious wants, it is evident that the prize is well worth contending for. Some idea of its magnitude may be inferred from the present trade with Great Britain. During the past year the exports of China to the United Kingdom nearly reached forty millions of dollars (gold), and the imports to fifty millions, the latter being chiefly raw cotton, silk, and tea, and the former manufactured cottons and woollens, arms, ammunition, and iron. Our geographical position is such, however, that in the nature of things the relations of China must be more intimate with the United States than with any other people. We shall always be the nearest market for her productions, and shall ere long be supplying her with manufactured goods from our factories on the Pacific in exchange for her raw materials. Lying, too, midway between western Europe and eastern Asia, with our left hand stretching across the Atlantic and our right grasping the western verge of the Pacific, with one or more iron roads connecting the two oceans, the shortest and quickest route between Europe and China will pass over our soil, thus virtually vesting in us the control of all intercourse between the two continents.

In view of these facts and the more definite information which it is desirable to gain of a country whose future will be so closely interwoven with our own, we cordially welcome Mr. Nevius's views of the more important contrasts and analogies between the two countries, and his delineations of Chinese customs and scenery. The physical resemblance between China and the United States is in some respects striking:

"It occupies the same position in the Eastern hemisphere that the United States does in the Western. Its line of sea-coast on the Pacific resembles that of the United States on the Atlantic, not only in length but also in contour. Being found within almost the same parallels of latitude, it embraces the same varieties of climate and productions. A river as grand as the Mississippi flowing east, divides the empire into two nearly equal parts, which are often designated as North of the River and South of the River. It passes through an immense and fertile valley, and is supplied by numerous tributaries, having their rise in mountain ranges on either side, and also in the Himalayas on the West."

China proper, with about the same area as our organized states, is divided into eighteen provinces, these again into ten divisions called *Fu*, and each *Fu* into as many sub-divisions called *Hien*. Beside these *Shih-pah-seng*, or eighteen provinces, the Chinese possess the territories of Manchuria, Mongolia, Sungaria, Eastern Turkistan, Koko-nor, and Thibet, making a total area of five millions of square miles. Nearly two thousand of its cities are walled, and some of the more important contain within the outer walls a smaller walled city which serves as a government fortress. If extended in a right line the total length of the city walls, including the great wall of China, is estimated by our author at 8,000 miles. The population of the capitals of the provinces averages a million, the *Fu* cities from one to eight hundred thousand, and *Hien* cities, the most numerous class, count their inhabitants by tens of thousands. The total population of the empire is of course enormous. Taking the last imperfect census as a basis, Mr. Nevius estimates it at 400,000,000, a figure which he shows to be quite within the limits of credibility, as the country is extremely fertile, every available spot is sedulously cultivated, the mass of the people are mostly vegetarians, eating little animal food and that not always of the choicest quality, and large numbers entirely subsisting on the inland lakes and rivers. Amid such a dense horde one of the first necessities is facilities for internal communication. This is mainly carried on by the rivers, the great highways of the empire. There are few good roads, and of course no railroads; but canals are everywhere abundant. The great Imperial

* *China and the Chinese: A General Description of the Country and its Inhabitants; its Civilization and Form of Government; its Religious and Social Institutions; its Intercourse with other Nations; and its Present Condition and Prospects.* By the Rev. John L. Nevius. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1869.

canal, stretching from Hangchau in Central China to Peking, a distance of six hundred miles, forms but an insignificant part of a great whole, and Mr. Nevius is of opinion that "its length is equalled, if not exceeded, by that of the canals within the jurisdiction of the individual departmental or *Fu* cities." He adds:

"In the vicinity of Ningpo (south of Shanghai) the country is supplied with a network of them, often intersecting each other at distances of one or two miles, or less. Farmers frequently have short branch canals running off to their houses, and the farm-boat takes the place of the farm-cart or wagon. Heavy-loaded passage and freight boats are seen plying in every direction. The ordinary rate for passage, at the highest estimate, would be less than one-half of a cent per mile. A boat manned by two persons, and of such size that ten Chinamen think they can sleep comfortably in it, may be chartered for one dollar a day, and will accomplish within the twenty-four hours a distance of from forty to seventy or more miles."

Till the introduction of steamboats, which are beginning to make their appearance, and will doubtless soon displace the ancient boats and junks, the favorite and most effective mode of propulsion was the scull, though barges are sometimes towed, and sweeps or oars are occasionally seen. Where, as in mountain regions, canals are impracticable, pack mules and donkeys are used for conveying passengers and goods. The chief productions are sugar-cane in the south; tea, rice, tobacco, and cotton in the south and central; wheat, millet, and sorghum in the central and north portions of the empire, and maize everywhere. Vegetables of all kinds are numerous; the fruits similar to those of the United States, but of inferior quality. Agricultural implements are rude and primitive; the architecture is solid and substantial, but heavy and gloomy; and, as a rule, quiet and contentment are everywhere manifest, and the people industrious and happy.

Such is the general view which Mr. Nevius gives of the physical resources of the country and the condition of its people. We can only regret that he has told us so little of its commercial and industrial activities; of the probable development, under foreign influence, of its internal and external trade; of its mineral riches, and its staple productions, tea, cotton, and silk; the promotion of Chinese immigration to our own shores, and the scope there is for American skill and enterprise in China. But we can scarcely blame him for his slender additions to our data for solving the politico-economic problems of the hour. As a missionary his duties and inclinations naturally led him to treat of equally interesting if less practical and utilitarian subjects. It was scarcely his province to point out how mutual intercourse between the United States and China could best be promoted, but rather how our civilization could leaven and elevate the Chinese. Accordingly he devotes a large share of his book to a description of the religions of China, its languages, government, social institutions and customs, the recent Tai-ping rebellion, with a sketch of missionary life there, and its methods, agencies, and results. After a ten years' residence in China, with ample opportunities for arriving at sound conclusions, the author is of opinion that the country is emphatically in a transition state; various causes are operating from within and without to bring about a new order of things; the people and their rulers have in a great measure lost confidence in each other; and the inner wall of the defences of national pride and prejudice is beginning to be undermined. "She has loosed," says Mr. Nevius, "from her ancient moorings, and, under influences hitherto unfelt, is moving slowly but surely in a course in which the star of science leads and the pressure of necessity urges her. What storms and trials she may meet none can tell. In her new and untried career, shall we not give her our cordial sympathy and co-operation, hoping that her future may be full of blessings to her vast population and to the world?"

The book is entertaining and instructive. The author writes from a full storehouse garnered from personal experience and previous writers. His style is light and gossipy, and his pictures life-like and vivid. The volume is well printed and illustrated with an inferior map, and numerous small and several full-page well-executed wood-cuts.

THE AMAZON.*

ALL works of art having a plot may readily be divided into two classes, one comprising those in which the collisions are between nature and conventionality or between two conventionalities, and the other those whose collisions are between two or more great principles equally valid in human nature. To the former belong nearly all sensation novels, most comedies, and generally the bulk of inferior productions; to the latter, Greek tragedy, and, in a word, nearly all great works of art. Of modern novelists, who have treated problems and collisions of the latter kind, the greatest are Goethe and, from a different point of view, George Eliot. *The Amazon* approaches most closely to the *Elective Affinities* of the former than to any work with which we are acquainted; and it is perhaps not too much to say that but for the *Wahlverwandtschaften* it would never have been written. Still to follow Goethe, even *longo intervallo*, requires no ordinary Pegasus, and it must be confessed that *The Amazon* is a novel of a high type, whether we look upon the plot or the execution of the work. It could have been written by none but a true artist, whose feelings, tastes, and intellect have been cultivated to a high degree, and who now, in a season of comparative repose, when the winds of the emotions blow bracingly but not destructively, is able to work tranquilly and with clear purpose. It is only when a man arrives at this stage that he loses his idiosyncrasies, ceases to have hobbies and pet philanthropic theories to inculcate, and becomes, as it were, impersonal. Keats was not far from the truth when he said that a poet should have no personality. His meaning, doubtless, was that the poet should have no individuality. The greatest merit, however, that a poet can aspire to is to have pure, that is universal, personality. Who thinks of Goethe or Shakespeare when he reads their works? These men were all men's least common multiple. Dingelstedt is not a Shakespeare or a Goethe, but nevertheless he is a true artist; that is to say, he does not regard art as the mere handmaid of religion, morality, or philosophy, but loves it for itself. If therefore any one takes up this novel expecting to be edified or instructed, he will be entirely disappointed. There is nothing didactic in it; it simply holds the mirror up to nature, and only those who are able to see truths in nature will be able to see them in the mirror. If we were compelled to state in one sentence what we think to be the central thought in this novel, we should say: Genius and intellect, those gifts which nature keeps in her secret storehouse, and will not sell even to the highest bidder, but gives to whomsoever she lists, are able to set at defiance all human plans, conventionalities, and would-be everlasting regulations. All such nut-shell statements are, however, in a great measure untrue, inasmuch as they tend to make a fragment of the truth pass for the whole.

* *The Amazon*. By Franz Dingelstedt. Translated from the German by J. M. Hart. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son, 1868.

There is at least one other fundamental point that the author must have had in view, namely, that there is among human beings a natural hierarchy. We cannot say in what form precisely Dingelstedt thinks this doctrine; but he evidently holds that, as marriage is mainly a union of souls, those have a natural elective affinity for each other which occupy the same position in the ascending scale of natural gifts, and that unequal alliances, therefore, are not those in which there is a difference of social position or age, but those in which a more gifted spirit is mated to a less gifted one.

The main interest in this novel revolves round four persons, Roland (*alias* Paphnutius Meyer, or Meyer-Nuze), the artist, Fräulein Lomond (*alias* Seraphine, *alias* Lady Mary Menteith), the singer, Count Wallenberg, the diplomatist, and Fräulein Kraft, the daughter of the self-made millionaire banker. The first two belong to the world of art, of ideas, to that world of which Alfred de Musset makes the muses say:

"Où . . . il existe un monde si sublime,
Que nous et les dieux seuls pouvons en approcher.
Quand le pied d'un mortel en a touché le cime,
Dans nulle route humaine il ne peut plus marcher."

The last two have their place in the practical world, the world of commerce, finance, and diplomacy. However much these two may come into contact, there can be no question that there is a wide gulf fixed between them, a gulf which neither wealth nor legal bonds can bridge over. Dingelstedt has been very careful to place each of his four characters in the position to which, by reason of the nature of his activities, he properly belongs. This was necessary to the correct treatment of the problem; for had they all properly belonged to the same world, though by accident placed in different ones, any collision that there might have been would have arisen from this accident, and might have been readily solved without need of much artistic power. The problem, however, being once fairly stated, and the characters placed in their natural positions, the question for solution is, whether those whose paths are laid in the ideal world will ever be able to find anything in the lower practical world which will compensate for the absence of the companionship of a kindred soul. In treating this subject, Dingelstedt has given to every one of his characters an opportunity of making a deliberate choice in regard to the world into which he or she is to marry. Each has a choice between two persons, one in his own world and one in the other. The manner in which this is accomplished is highly artistic, and the details are managed with great skill. The principal character of the story is Fräulein Lomond, a golden-haired *prima donna* of strong character, high moral principle, and great genius. She turns out to be the lost daughter of a Scotch nobleman, the last Earl of Menteith. We may remark, in passing, that our author takes rather a bold step in naming a particular family in this way. We happen to know, in this country, a female claimant to the earldom of Menteith—not a *prima donna*, to be sure, but yet a woman of no ordinary character and ability. Our author showed a good deal of discrimination in making his heroine a Scotchwoman. Perhaps among no other people do we find women whose undiminished self-dependence enables them to enjoy unlimited liberty both of action and speech without losing their self-respect or becoming *dévergondées*. Fräulein Lomond has abandoned her high social position to devote herself to art; she has left the conventional and its distinctions, entered the battle-field of competition on equal terms with all, and won her laurels fairly and honestly. She makes good her claim to nobility. In the grandeur of her conscious selfhood, what are the distinctions of rank to her? But with all her self-dependence she remains a true woman; under the surface there is the deep, pure passion, all the deeper that it is patient and tranquil. She will appear a great character only to those who know that true greatness consists in conquest of self, in the subordination of the individual idiosyncrasies and character to the laws of universal reason. Great enough to remain unhardened and unrelayed by the applause of the multitude, she continues self-possessed and unintoxicated by success. While she can domineer and despatch business like a Frederick the Great, she can weep, in the loneliness of her closet, as she battles with life's fundamental needs and agonies. In striking contrast to her is Roland, the painter. Having, as the son of a Tyrolean peasant, begun at the other end of the social scale, he has gradually, in the face of innumerable difficulties, earned a high and well assured position as an artist. In the world of art he is one of the same rank as the gifted singer. He, too, has the calm artist soul that is self-sufficient. Count Wallenberg, *alias* Herr Augustus Graf von Wallenberg, ambassador extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary, etc., etc., is described thus:

"An extremely aristocratic, amiable cavalier, or the honor of whose acquaintance the fair reader will speedily express her gratitude. His countrymen, colleagues, and friends, whose name is legion, call him simply Gustel Wallenberg, consider him 'a very good fellow,' that suffers himself to be put upon now and then and yet do not thoroughly trust him, in spite of, or on account of, his uncommon good humor. There have been cases, political and critical, in which he has let others laugh at him quite a while, in order to laugh last, and therefore bust, at everybody else, perhaps only in his sleeve and always good-naturedly. He is unusually popular at court, where he has stood high in favor for several years, and is regarded by the ministry as a skilful diplomatist. . . . Having been in foreign service ever since childhood, and gone through all the courts of Europe, and even one or two missions over seas, his language too [sic] has no recognizable peculiarity. In his dress he is elegant enough not to be elegant after the present fashion, which regards comfort as the supreme law. Sum total: an *homme distingué*—one who is in nothing distinguishable."

Fräulein Armgard Kraft is the only daughter of Hans Heinrich Kraft, "the sole founder, proprietor, and manager of a celebrated commercial and banking house, that has its agencies or its correspondents in every financial or commercial centre of all five continents. He passes for the richest man in the capital, the gates of which he entered forty years ago with a knapsack on his back and a double louis d'or sewed in the lining of his vest." Such are the characters whose interaction composes the plot of this novel—we had almost written drama, for such, indeed, it may be said to be, inasmuch as it adheres to all the unities, even that of time, in a manner which would satisfy the most fastidious of French classicists. The whole action comprises less than three days—between a Friday morning and a Sunday night. It will cost the author little trouble to convert it into a drama, which we venture to affirm will be a great success wherever there is true taste, and art means something more than amusement for a leisure hour.

In the first chapter we are introduced to the painter and to several subordinate characters. Chapter ii. brings together Master and Pupil—Roland and Fräulein Kraft—the painter, from the ideal world, and the banker's daughter, from the practical world. Chapter iii. brings the two artist souls together—Seraphine and Roland. In chapter iv. Roland relates his history. Chapter v. introduces us to Count Wallenberg, in his character of diplomatist. The count is commissioned both by Roland and by Herr Kraft (the man whose life had never known even a

shadow of romance) to present an offer of marriage to Seraphine. Chapter vi. introduces us to "the *levée* of a theatre-princess," and shows us the manner of the every-day life led by the stars of song. In chapter vii. Count Wallenberg presents to the theatre-princess three offers of marriage, one from Roland, one from Herr Krafft, and—one from himself. In chapter viii., "The Gordian Knot," the conversation between the count and his *attaché*, Theophilus Marvål, the *désillusionné* over-old, new-fangled positivist, is beyond praise. Chapter ix. introduces us to the world of Hans Heinrich Krafft, the world of banking, broking, scheming, speculating. Krafft takes Roland, whom he expects to call in a short time his son-in-law, through the offices, gives him an account of his life, and shows him how fortunes are made. A good, genuine, useful man is Herr Krafft, just and generous, "plain and simple," as his favorite phrase is, conscious of his own worth and determined not to mar it by accepting a title. Roland feels sadly out of place in this world, where human beings are turned into calculating machines.

"The close, heavy atmosphere took away Roland's breath. He felt oppressed, as though in a strange, ghostly world. . . . Involuntarily dropping his voice, he inquired for Herr Krafft at one of the desks, and a steel pen pointed him to the next room. This pantomime was repeated half a dozen times, until at last he found himself in the comptoir of the head of the firm."

Chapter x., "A four-handed game," is really a five-handed game, the players being Krafft, Wallenberg, and Roland, Seraphine and Fräulein Krafft. The diplomatist has got matters completely confused. Nobody knows who is going to marry whom, or whether there will be any marrying at all. Miss Krafft, expecting soon to have the Amazon for a step-mother, sends her a handsome present, which surprises the cantatrice and brings her to visit Miss Krafft. This gives the two ladies an opportunity for unburdening themselves, and thus undoing all the diplomatist's scheming. It turns out that Seraphine, known only for her genius (her high birth she has confided only to Wallenberg after his offer of marriage), has been courted by all the three men, while the poor little, sweet, amiable, impetuous bank-princess has not got a single offer. She, however, having made her choice, and being accustomed to have her will in everything, does not feel greatly hurt. She is in love with Count Wallenberg, and she means to have him too, simply by finding a place for the Amazon elsewhere. She has plenty of tact, and no small knowledge of human nature. In the course of the conversation we get a glimpse of how the life of each of the two ladies looks from her own point of view. We are made to feel that after all it is not well for a woman to lead the world's wine-press alone, even under the best circumstances. Aurora Leigh, too, found that out. Money also, we learn, is not all-sufficing. Fräulein Krafft too has a soul, and what is money to that? She says:

"I swear to you, Queen of the Amazons, the poor, little, abused bank-princess has her hours in which she would gladly give all the gold in her father's fire-proof safe for the glitter of your stage-crown, in which she could cry out to the blue heavens from the depths of her envenomed maiden heart: 'A million for a cloud—a storm.'"

The manner in which she manages to out-diplomatize the experienced Count Wallenberg, and secure him into the bargain, is wonderful, and shows that, after all, diplomacy and calculation are no match for feminine delicacy and tact. She leaves both Wallenberg and the Amazon in the dark as to the real state of matters and her own intention. The result is that the former is confident of being the successful suitor for the hand of the latter, while the latter resolves to leave the place and go on a monster professional tour round the world in search of stupefaction and oblivion. Accordingly, she performs *The Amazon* for the last time before an enthusiastic audience. In the bitterness of her deep artist soul, she surpasses even herself, throwing into her music all the passionate, disappointed longings of her own heart. Meanwhile Count Wallenberg, who has got notice through Roland of Fräulein Krafft's leaning toward him, gravitates toward her box, and his "eyes could not grow weary of gazing at this charming creature." The elective affinity is acting between them, and making matters straight. When the opera is over, the Amazon is hardly able to bow thanks for the reiterated applause, and reaches her dressing-room with difficulty.

"There, for the first time, she found repose. . . . Her colleagues took compassion on her exhausted state and left her alone. . . . The Amazon wished to die *à capo*; once more to dream over, this time for herself and by herself, the dream of her earthly life, and come to a close with her entire past and its wealth of associations. She stretched herself upon her couch. . . . She only wished to dream, to dream. . . . She had not been lying there long before a quick step tore up the narrow stairway, a firm hand knocked on the door of the dressing-room. None but a man of this world walks so, knocks so. She starts up to listen. Away with the mantle; all her fatigue is forgotten. Even before Marie can open the door she is on the threshold, and falls with a cry of joy into Roland's arms: 'Roland, do I see you once more?' 'Seraphine! you angel, you goddess.' 'Where have you been all this long, killing day?' 'In the wolf's den, the proper place for the monster,' laughed the master, radiant with inner delight; 'this morning in the wolf's den on the mountains—this evening in the gloomy parterre-box that goes by that name.' 'Not at your post!' 'Here is my post, from which all the diplomatists and bankers on earth shall not drive me,' said Roland, leading Seraphine to the couch and falling at her feet. 'So you come back to your sister?' 'My sister? Never! To my only and ever beloved, my bride, my wife! Will you be mine, you grand, you magnificent Amazon?' 'Yours for ever, my Theusens, my lord and master,' she replied with a flood of joyous tears, and bending over the kneeling man, she enfolded him in her white nixie-arms and buried him beneath the waves of golden hair."

Here the plot of the story properly ends. What follows relates merely to a nocturnal visit of the happy pair to Roland's studio, and their magnificent wedding. We have hints of how things stood a year after when Roland had become a happy father, and Wallenberg a contented husband. In a note at the end the author intimates that this is but a part of a more comprehensive work. He says:

"In our age the novel, the romance, the tragedy, or the comedy, does not cease with the marriage—it rather begins there. . . . Even our immortal work has, in addition to this first, completed part, a second: Artist-marriages: a third: An Aristocratic Mansion, and a Farce: Raffaele and his Marie; so that it is, equally with the classic tragedies of ancient Greece, a trilogy, or, including the satyr-play, a tetralogy."

Let us hope that the rest of the stock may be equal to the sample.

To sum up our notice of this very able book. *The Amazon* is a social novel, in which all the great interests and questions of the modern social world are treated with a masterly hand. We are shown that rank has to yield to money and genius—rank being a merely conventional distinction. On the other hand, we see that between the ideal and the practical worlds, between genius and talent, there is no bridge:

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man 's the gold for a' that."

The characters are true, natural, flesh-and-blood human beings, all of a high type in their way, each acting rationally in his own peculiar world, of which the author has taken care to show us the nature and appearance—the appearance which it assumes both to those who are inside it and those who are not. The subordinate characters are all drawn with great skill—"the travelled female enthusiast from the Butter Market in Bremen," who stammers and hunts after autographs, the two editors, Herr Bullermann, the composer of the future—and what a future!—Mrs. Henderson, Herr Krafft's English housekeeper, who, when

the crowd are besieging Herr Krafft's offices to get shares in one of his schemes, precipitates herself into the room, lamenting and wailing, holding her prayer-book in her hand, and begging her (Seraphine) again and again: "Oh! don't, don't; shocking, shocking!" etc., etc. Altogether, we have here an undeniable work of true art, written by a man of thorough taste and culture:

"Sola doctorum monumenta vatum
Nesciunt Fati imperium severi:
Sola contemunt Phlegethenta et Orci
Jura superbi."

We are not able to judge whether the translator has done his work well, not having seen the original, although we made efforts to do so. The translation reads easily, is very idiomatic, and, which is a good sign, can be very readily re-translated into German. Here and there a German idiom peeps out, especially where the translator has had the word *erst* to deal with. He cannot manage it at all. For instance, on page 314, we find "the comedy . . . does not cease with marriage—it rather begins there for the first time." We would stake a good deal that the words in italics are meant to represent an *erst* (*es fängt erst damit an*), i. e., it only begins with it, a very different meaning. The lyrics taken from *The Amazon*, Herr Bullermann's drama, are not well translated. However, Mr. Hart may well be excused for failing here. The American public have to thank him and Messrs. Putnam for the production of a valuable and elegant work.

LIBRARY TABLE.

AS BY FIRE. By Miss Nellie Marshall. New York: George S. Wilcox.

1869.—We have here conclusive evidence that a certain amount of superficial ingenuity, some skill in sketching feminine character, and unlimited capacity for verbal expression will not suffice to produce a good novel. The plot of the story is very simple, and the incidents—many of which are improbable—are all possible; but the style of the narrative is so inflated as to give all the descriptions an air of unreality. The author never for a moment sinks or deviates from the pompous and the brilliant; her tones are never softened; she never condescends to be natural; all is exaggeration and perpetual splendor without repose; her mind is always on the stretch, and the reader becomes wearied with rhapsodical expressions. In adopting this mode of writing, Miss Marshall is unjust to herself, for in her special delineations of character she displays abundant capacity to excel. The leading personage, Electra, who, in accordance with a known rule laid down by Fresnoy for artists, always occupies the centre of the picture, is a complete and independent type of intellectual and moral temperament, whose actions and conduct show her true nature much better than can any exaggerated descriptions of the flashings of the "steely gleam of her hazel eyes." Evesham, a good, manly fellow, is made to look almost ridiculous when described as watching by a bed of sickness, his "shapely head crowned with a cap of crimson velvet, adorned with a very elegant silken and gilded tassel," his open robe displaying "immaculate linen and a jaunty neck-tie," or when standing under his lady-love's window and "kissing the shaft of light" which fell from it. But the following extract will perhaps afford our readers a fair idea of the author's style. In speaking of a lady who contemplates running away from her husband she says:

"Now, in the heyday of life, when she possessed wealth, health, youth, and beauty; when countless sources of happiness and enjoyment bent rose-crowned from every hour: now, when she could taste or drink to satiety the rare amber-hued Falernian of love, or the pale aromatic Tokay of passion, she did not pause to think intoxication was a sure concomitant to either if too deeply imbibed; but she chose the Tokay, and little dreamed that the wine once spilled might never sparkle in the jewelled cup again."

Although the writer runs on at some length in this strain, there is sufficient interest in the story to justify the belief that if she would abjure all attempt at so-called fine writing, she might produce a work more acceptable to her readers and more worthy the approval of her own mature judgment.

The Switzerland of America: A Summer Vacation in the Parks and Mountains of Colorado. By Samuel Bowles. Springfield, Mass.: S. Bowles & Co.; New York: The American News Co.; Boston: Lee & Shepard.—On two occasions the author of this little work, in company with Vice-President Colfax, had opportunities of viewing the principal topographical features of the Western half of the Union—once in 1865 and again during the summer of 1868. Mr. Bowles is one of our foremost journalists, and possesses a lively sense of the humorous and a keen eye for the picturesque. As a descriptive writer he is piquant and graphic; but his pictures, startlingly vivid at times, are usually rough, uncouth, inartistic. His journalistic training has taught him to be pithy, antithetical, paradoxical; but he seems never to have found time for anything approaching high literary culture. With a pardonable share of national self-glorification he has an innate love of truth, a union occasionally leading to singular results. Thus, speaking of the Pacific Railroad, he says: "Only the energy of a republic could perform such a work in such a time" (p. 8); but he elsewhere (p. 27) adds: "Only by such appeal to cupidity have we got this continental roadway opened so soon,"—a modification perfectly true, if somewhat sarcastic. Mr. Bowles's language, always expressive, yields a very imperfect obedience to the precepts of Lindley Murray, and his style bristles with needlessly rugged excrescences. In fact, with all his experience as a journalist—we had almost said as a speaker, but remembered that in this particular our author out-Grant's Grant, never having made a speech in his life—he shows an almost total obliviousness of those nicer shades of expression which mark the accurate, finished writer. For example: "Our little party of four persons were . . . our summer vacation party [of twelve] is" (p. 8); "oats, corn, and wheat yield as richly and as of fine quality as," etc., p. 14; "this interval of our visits," p. 14; "a meal that rivals Delmonico," p. 10; "the ties are plenty," p. 23; "a thin woollen overcoat—it better have been thick," p. 56; "and pushed gloomily and ghastrily on," p. 106; "forms of such majesty and such personality as arouses one's wonder," p. 143. These are specimens of the crudities that exist in numbers proportionally as great as the grasshoppers the author met with on his travels. Remembering, however, that these descriptive sketches first appeared as letters hurriedly written under all the disadvantages of Western travel, such blemishes would have been excusable enough had we not been informed—and we confess we should never have discovered the fact from the volume itself—that most of the letters had been rewritten and the rest carefully revised. Still, despite its many imperfections, we gladly welcome this record of the ramblings of Bowles among the boulders as the immature first-fruit of bet-

ter things. It partially draws aside the veil which enshrouds one of our remote mountain territories, gives us many striking word-photographs of plain and Alpine scenery, and much mining and agricultural information, and certainly amuses us with its narrative of the ludicrous incidents of Western travel. Not having seen the Swiss Alps, the lofty ridges of the Andes, or the majestic Himalayas, Mr. Bowles's comparisons possess little value; but he writes with all the gushing enthusiasm of a lover, and can scarcely fail to kindle within the reader some of his own boundless admiration for what he not inaptly terms the "Switzerland of America."

Letters of a Sentimental Idler. By Harry Harewood Leech. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1869.—Like the cool breeze that comes rippling over the waves gleaming with the golden sheen of the fading sunset as they chase each other sportively till they dash on some ocean-girt shore, these letters from oriental climes have a fragrant freshness perfectly delicious. Sketches of character, bits of scenery, incidents of travel, echoes of Eastern song and tradition, are all portrayed with the vividness of an oil painting and the minuteness of a photograph. But what is a Sentimental Idler? Our author shall answer:

"Do not confound us with the heavy tramps who are almost sure to be footpads or beggars, or both; neither with pedlars of gay stuffs which are never sold, but only procure for their owners lodging and gentle words, with coquetries innumerable; nor with that great class of itinerant apprentices who wander from town to town with pack and cudgel; travelling pedestrians who see the world by subscriptions from native but too trusting villages; artists whose palettes are neglected for their palates; clergymen with the equipment of at least an umbrella; stalwart and bronzed young women, with bright kerchiefs twisted around shapely heads, who journey 'to the next town' (which is never reached) to find brothers (who are never met). . . . Nor will I admit among us the fine men and the rich (who are idle as machinery is, because of rust), who travel from city to city and from land to land only to surprise us in our galleries and—yawn! to meet us at our table d'hôtes and—yawn! to confront us yawning in the mad whirl of the carnival, and to make us fly them like a pestilence in Florence, lest we yawn in presence of Ariadne, or yield a palace in Rome to them, that we may not yawn before Beatrice de Cenci, and hate ourselves ever after."

So much for the negative; now for the positive side of the definition:

"To be a Sentimental Idler necessitates the being a gentleman. . . . A man of education he is almost always sure to be (more than one college diploma makes him therefore ineligible for life), a poet almost certainly, an artist surely. The following requisites absolutely demanded: 1. Good looks. 2. Gentle manners. 3. A knowledge of at least two hemispheres. 4. A fondness for wine. 5. Inherent love of gaming, tempered by adversity. 6. Love of woman, tempered by experience. 7. Infallible judgment of horses. 8. An advocate of the 'duello,' and perfect acquaintance with the 'code of honor.' 9. An ample fortune, but never out of debt. 10. A master of at least three languages. 11. A good voice for ballads. 12. A distinguished dancer. 13. A musician. To these requirements others may be added by the consent of the society, from time to time, but the above are at least necessary for the Sentimental Idler, *par excellence*."

How far these qualities have been combined in Mr. Leech we must leave the reader to discover from the volume itself. If he does not find the author a graceful writer, a charming story-teller, like Dogberry we fear he must be writ down an ass.

Literary Bulletin. January, 1869. New York: Leypoldt & Holt.—This is the first number of a new monthly serial likely to meet with favor from both book-sellers and book-buyers. The publishers propose to give in it lists of all reputable books published, with press notices of the new works, and various miscellaneous literary gossip and information. Judging from the specimen before us, the new *Bulletin* deserves encouragement.

The Jerusalem Delivered of Torquato Tasso. Translated into English *Spenserian verse, with a life of the Author.* By J. H. Wiffin. New American from the last English edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1869.—The good work which Messrs. Appleton & Co. some time since commenced of publishing the standard poets at a price to bring them within reach of the poorest, and yet in a style which richer libraries need not disdain, is here continued. What we have said of preceding volumes of the series applies equally to this; we have seldom seen a cheap edition which so admirably achieved the very desirable end of avoiding the appearance of cheapness.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia.—The True Christian Religion; containing the Entire Theology of the New Church. By Emanuel Swedenborg. From the Latin edition of Dr. J. F. I. Tafel. Translated by R. Norman Foster. Pp. 556, 507. 2 vols. 1869.

Her Majesty's Tower. By William Hepworth Dixon. Pp. 287. 1869.
The Shortest Route to California. By Brevet Brig-Gen. J. H. Simpson, A.M. 1869.
Physical Media in Spiritual Manifestations. By G. W. Samson, D.D. Pp. 185. 1869.
England's Antiphon. By George Macdonald, LL.D. Pp. 332. 1869.

SAMUEL R. WELLS, New York.—How to Read Character: A New Illustrated Hand-book of Phrenology and Physiognomy. Pp. 191. 1869.
CLAXTON, KUMMER & HAPPELBERGER, Philadelphia.—Recollections of Men and Things at Washington during the Third of a Century. By L. A. Gobright. Pp. 420. 1869.
Mabel Clifton: A Novel. By Frank Brierwood. Pp. 304. 1869.

Marooner's Island; or, Dr. Gordon in Search of his Children. By F. R. Goulding. Pp. 493. Studies in Shakespeare: A Book of Essays. By Mary Preston. Pp. 181. 1869.
Giennair; or, Life in Scotland. By Helen Hazlett. Pp. 332. 1869.
Think and Act: A Series of Articles Pertaining to Men and Women, Work and Wages. By Virginia Penny. Pp. 372.

M. W. DODD, New York.—Before the Throne; or, Devotions for a Child. Pp. 123. 1869.
LEYPOLDT & HOLT, New York.—The Gain of a Loss: A Novel. By the author of the Last of the Cavaliers. Pp. 439. 1869.
The Fisher Maiden: A Norwegian Tale. By Björnsterne Björnson. From the author's German edition, by M. E. Niles. Pp. 217. 1869.
D. APPLETON & Co., New York.—The Poetical Works and Remains of Henry Kirke White. With Life by Robert Southey. Pp. 455. 1869.
THE CATHOLIC PUBLICATION SOCIETY.—The Life of Father De Ravignan, of the Society of Jesus. By Father De Penlevoy, of the same Society.

PAMPHLETS.

D. APPLETON & Co., New York.—Snarleyow. By Captain Marryat.
Fair Maid of Perth. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart.
The Complete Poetical Works of Thomas Campbell.
HERD & HOUGHTON, New York.—Bulwer Lytton's Drama of the Lady of Lyons, as produced by Edwin Booth. By Henry L. Hinton.
American Edition of Dr. William Smith's Dictionary of the Bible.
HARPER, BROTHERS, New York.—Griffith Gaunt. By Charles Reade.

Translated at St. Bruno's College, North Wales. Pp. 603. 1869.

G. R. CATHCART, New York.—The American Publisher and Bookseller: A Record of American and Foreign Literature. 1868.

GOULD & LINCOLN, Boston.—Annual of Scientific Discovery; or, Year Book of Facts in Science and Art for 1869. Edited by Samuel Kneeland, A.M., M.D. Pp. 377. 1869.
CHARLES SCRIBNER & Co., New York.—The Wonders of Optics. By E. Marien. Translated from the French, and edited by Charles W. Quin, F.R.S. Pp. 247. 1869.

FIELDS, OSGOOD & Co., Boston.—The Blameless Prince, and Other Poems. By Edmund Clarence Stedman. Pp. 192. 1869.
The King and the Book. By Robert Browning, M.A. Vol. II. Pp. 332. 1869.

EDWIN GURD, Boston.—Manual Latin Grammar. Prepared by William F. Allen, A.M., and Joseph H. Allen. Pp. 127. 1869.
Latin Lessons Adapted to the Manual Latin Grammar. Prepared by William F. Allen, A.M., and Joseph H. Allen. Pp. 134. 1869.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.—Pre-Historic Nations; or, Inquiries Concerning some of the Great Peoples and Civilizations of Antiquity. By John D. Baldwin, A.M. Pp. 414. 1869.

TRUBNER & Co., London, England.—Treatises on Light, Color, Electricity, and Magnetism. By Johann Ferdinand Jencken, M.D. Translated and Prefaced by Historical and Critical Essays, by Henry D. Jencken, Barrister-at-Law, M.R.S., F.R.G.S., etc. Pp. 232. 1869.

JOHN WILEY & Son, New York.—The New Tale of a Tub: An Adventure in Verse. By F. W. N. Bayley, Esq. With Illustrations after Designs by Lieutenant J. S. Cotton. 1869.

JOEL MURRELL, Albany.—The History of Civilization. By Amos Dean, LL.D. Vol. II. Pp. 533. 1869.
JOHN CAMDEN HOTTON, London, England.—German Popular Stories. With Illustrations after the Original Designs by George Cruikshank. Edited by Edgar Taylor. With Introduction by John Ruskin, M.A. Pp. 334.

TABLE-TALK.

MR. BROUGHAM has done at last what he should have done at first—fitted his new and charming little theatre with a new and clever burlesque. A capital burlesque it is that he gives us now; equal to the best of those that have made him famous. Witty and compact, overflowing with ludicrous conceits, brimful of apt local allusions, sparkling with harmless satire, *Much Ado About a Merchant of Venice* is all that a burlesque should be, and its well-deserved success fills us with regret that it did not come sooner, when success would have meant permanence and a joyful release from the return of threadbare Bouffe. Irma and Aujac and Leduc, to be sure, are perennial joys; but variety is the spice of life, and we might readily have spared the *can-can* to enliven somewhat longer the envious provinces. Beside—the truth must be spoken though Grau shall fall—we have had our fill of Opera Bouffe, and John Brougham in his own burlesque is, like Shylock's torquoise, worth a whole wilderness of Offenbachs. But alas! fate and relentless Fisk, Jr. have willed otherwise, and our new delight is shadowed by the reflection that it is so soon to end. All that is left us is to make the most of our opportunity, to crowd what ought to be a year's enjoyment into a week; in other words, to go every night to the cozy little Twenty-fourth Street Theatre as long as Mr. Brougham's topsy-turvy Shakespeare holds brief but merry reign. We can assure our readers that *Much Ado About a Merchant of Venice* will bear to be seen more than once; indeed one needs to see it twice or thrice to appreciate fully the humor with which it is fairly crammed. To be sure there is but one actor in the piece; but the stage at Brougham's is not a large one, and those of our readers who have seen the prince of burlesque actors need scarcely be told that it is amply filled by that genial and electric presence. More than any player we know of Mr. Brougham appreciates the relationship between the sublime and the ridiculous; and the humor of his travestied Shylock is relieved and heightened by such evanescent strokes of real tragic power as are seldom seen even in serious representations of this difficult rôle. As we have said, he is not well supported except by the scene-painters and costumers, who have played their parts to perfection; but as the rest of the cast do the best they can, and have fortunately little to do, they are unable to affect the exquisite completeness of Mr. Brougham's acting. Miss Effie Germon, it is only fair to say, is evidently out of her sphere in burlesque, though as evidently not without histrionic talent. She is bright and graceful, and in light comedy will undoubtedly become a favorite. Mr. Matthison sings and acts with taste, and Miss Firman shows signs of undeveloped capabilities. We observe that Mr. Brougham has concluded to spare us the harrowing sarcasm of Miss Kimball's *Perfection*; possibly in consequence of the extraordinary by-play which edified her audience on Friday evening. *A Gentleman from Ireland*, with himself as Fitzmaurice, certainly makes an admirable substitute; but we are inclined to believe he might have done better still by recasting *Perfection*, with Mr. Fisk, Jr. as Charles Paragon. This, we are persuaded, would have given him if possible fuller houses than ever, and would at least have spared Miss Kimball the sad necessity of "wasting her kisses on the amorous air." We bow, however, to Mr. Brougham's superior judgment, and will only beg him, the next time he has an ex-major-general and actual governor among his auditors, to remember what is due to his exalted station and forbear to interrupt his conversation. This is the only improvement we can suggest in a representation whose excellence almost persuades us that outraged and banished taste is returning to our stage.

WE have often been surprised that no attempt has ever been made in this rich metropolis to establish a genuine winter garden, a combination of the conservatory and the parterre where, during the inclemencies of the season, the devotees of Flora might regale the eye with the gorgeous colors of the tropics and inhale the rich odors of a thousand flowers. Such a structure should be light and elegant, built probably of iron and glass, and covering an expanse of one or two acres, the larger the better, and heated to a genial summer temperature. It should have its rustic seats and cozy bowers, o'erarched with the choicest creepers, its bubbling fountains and tumbling waterfalls, and possibly an aviary. Considerable scope for architectural and horticultural taste and skill would be found in designing and carrying out its details, but when complete, if thoroughly well done, it would be a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. The proper place, almost the only place, for such a garden is the Central Park, where the idea could be carried into effect with little trouble and expense, and where it would be accessible alike to poor and rich. Under the present commissioners there might possibly be some strong objections to the innovation—though we are quite unable to conceive what they could be—but if, as has been stated, there is a likelihood of the Park being turned over to a committee of management under less rigid restrictions, we hope to see the suggestion bear fruit. But simply as a private speculation we believe it would be eminently successful. Such a garden as we have hinted at, with accessories of refreshment rooms, occasional musical performances, and other attractions, if anywhere within easy access, would be certain to become a crowded, fashionable resort. It would be perfectly unique, without a single competitor, and if only kept in first-class condition could never become stale, though the first flush of novelty would necessarily soon pass away.

THE *Southern Review* is in many respects an ably-conducted and thoughtful magazine, but we are sorry to find in it occasional traces of that buncombe from which it seems impossible for the true Southern mind altogether to free itself. A paper in the last number, alluding to George Washington or Gen. Lee—we are really in doubt as to which of these great Virginians is meant to be complimented—apologizes thus for inadvertently calling him an American: "The great American—no, let us give him his local habitation—the great Virginian, whose name towers above all others, sprung from this new and vigorous western world of ours." This is quite in old Fountain's vein in Charles Reade's novel, whose mental map made the county cover a space about four times as large as England and about ten times as large as the world. Why not carry out the principle to its legitimate conclusion, and say the great WESTMORELANDIAN, or the great MT. VERNONIAN? This is the sort of thing which, uttered with strong emphasis by fledgling orators at school exhibitions, wins much applause of the groundlings, but is hardly worthy of place in the pages of a dignified and sensible review. We had learned to think better things of the *Southern Review*, especially, than that it should stoop to pander to so vile a taste and so

unpatriotic a prejudice. It is scarcely worth while to win the praise of the unskilful at the risk of making the judicious grieve, and least of all, we are very sure, would the Father of his Country feel flattered by a compliment which robs him of his proudest title.

THE *Charleston Mercury*, after an existence of half a century, has become defunct.

THE new screw steamer *City of Brooklyn*, built on the Clyde for the Inman line, left Liverpool on the 24th ult. and arrived in New York on the 10th inst. on her maiden trip. She ran the measured mile at Crosby, with tide in her favor, in three minutes thirty-eight seconds. On her trip from the Clyde her engines worked to upward of 2,300 horse-power, though her nominal horse-power is 800, we believe. Capt. Samuel Brooks will command her. She is expected to be a fine sea-boat and swifter than even the *City of Paris*, but will still fall short of the *City of Brussels*, now being built for this popular line.

MR. CATLIN, the Prairie Traveller, says the London *Athenæum*, has communicated to *Trübner's American and Oriental Literary Record* the curious fact—if it should prove to be a fact—that a great river, "larger than the Mississippi," flows under the Rocky Mountains! Mr. Catlin, we gather from his note, is about to submit the evidence which he has collected in favor of this startling hypothesis to the world.

SEVERAL new periodicals have reached us: *The Jewish Times*, part in English and part in German, published in New York; *L'Idée Nouvelle*, Burlington, Vt., in French and English, alternate columns; the *Fireman's Journal*, Brooklyn, N. Y., an illustrated semi-monthly; and Dietz's *Experimental Farm Journal*, Chambersburg, Pa.

THE London opera season begins on the 30th inst. at Covent Garden. Patti, Lucca, Nilsson, and Tietjens are engaged. Costa has declined an engagement as conductor, on the ground that it was sought to deprive him of his independent control in the selection and direction of orchestra and chorus.

CAPTAIN MONCRIEFF's invention for mounting heavy artillery has been accepted by the British government, who pay him \$5,000 per annum while employed in superintending its introduction, \$25,000 at the end of his service, and all expenses for models and experiments. The *Pall Mall Gazette* thinks this remuneration liberal, but the *Spectator* says he would have made more money by an ingenious mouse-trap.

MR. GEORGE TOWNSEND, author of the *Manual of Dates*, *Men of the Time*, and other works of reference, died of overwork on the 22d ult. His last compilation was a work entitled the *Hand-book of the Year*.

ROBERT BRAITHWAITE MARTINEAU, an accomplished and amiable English painter, died of heart disease on the 13th ult. His "Last Day in the Old Home" made a great impression in the International Exhibition of 1862.

PROFESSOR WILSON, of the Edinburgh University, has been duped by an impostor styling himself Dr. James Bryant Smith, professor of organic chemistry in Yale College, and stating that he and Professor B. Silliman and George Brush were in England to purchase and exchange minerals for their college. The professor forwarded him \$25, as he was short of cash, which of course has not been refunded.

THE French minister of fine arts offers the paltry sum of five hundred francs for the best words of a cantata to be set to music.

OCCLEVE's beautiful miniature of Chaucer in the Harleian MSS. is to be reproduced as an outline wood-cut and also a shaded one, for the Chaucer Society.

MR. BLANCHARD JERROLD has been appointed by the Poor-Law Board to report on the condition of the poor in France and Belgium.

THE popular comedian, Mr. Toole, has abandoned his idea of visiting America this year.

LISZT, the eccentric pianist, has, it is said, brought from Rome a youth named Camillo Giucci, who is endowed with extraordinary musical talent.

CHESS.

ONE of the most noteworthy features in the history of Chess during the past ten or twelve years is the extraordinary progress that has been made in blindfold play. From the time of Philidor, whose exploits in this branch a century ago created such astonishment in England, up to the date of the American Congress in 1857, the only two players whose performances in blindfold Chess could be at all compared to those of the great master were Kieseritzki and Harwitz, neither of whom, however, at that time had ever played more than two games simultaneously without sight of board. In the Chess Congress of 1857 the wonderful feats of Messrs. Morphy and Paulsen attracted universal attention, and raised up hosts of imitators; in fact, to such an extent has the practice of blindfold Chess play been carried, that there is scarcely a leading player in Europe nowadays who cannot conduct six or seven games at once without seeing any of the boards, and to all appearance without any very severe mental exertion. That this practice of playing, however, is injurious to health cannot be denied; and we trust the day will soon come when it will be done away with altogether, as giving the odds of the *five eyes* is pretty sure in the end to tell very heavily against the player rendering such unnatural advantage.

GAME XXXIV.

Between Messrs. Brenzinger and Perrin, in the recent Tournament of the Brooklyn Chess Club.

RUY LOPEZ KNIGHT'S GAME.

- | | |
|----------------|---------------|
| WHITE—Mr. B. | BLACK—Mr. P. |
| 1. P to K4 | 1. P to K4 |
| 2. Kt to KB3 | 2. Kt to QB3 |
| 3. B to QKt5 | 3. P to QR3 |
| 4. B to QR4 | 4. Kt to KB3 |
| 5. P to Q4 | 5. P takes P |
| 6. P to K5 | 6. Kt to K5 |
| 7. Castles | 7. Kt to QB4 |
| 8. B takes Kt | 8. QP takes B |
| 9. Kt takes QP | 9. B to K2 |
| 10. Kt to QB3 | 10. Castles |

So far the attack and defence have been played respectably by both parties.

11. P to KB4

11. Kt to K3

We should have preferred B to KKt5, which seems to us to give Black a better developed game than does the move adopted by him.

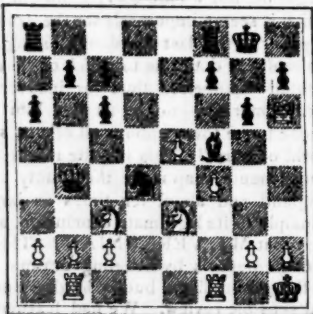
- | | |
|----------------|------------------|
| 12. B to K3 | 12. B to QB4 |
| 13. Kt to KB5 | 13. B takes B ch |
| 14. Kt takes B | 14. Q to Q5 |
| 15. Q to KR3 | 15. Q to QKt5 |
| 16. QR to QKt | |

P to KB5 would have been infinitely stronger than this purely defensive move.

- | | |
|--------------|---------------|
| 17. Q to KR5 | 16. Kt to Q5 |
| 18. Q to KR6 | 17. P to KKt3 |
| 19. K to R | 18. B to B4 |

Ingenuously conceived; White leaves the QBP as a bait, foreseeing that its capture will entail the loss of his adversary's Queen. We give a diagram of this interesting position after White's 19th move.

BLACK.



WHITE.

19. B takes BP
Black falls into the trap so cunningly laid for him.
20. QKt to Q5
21. Kt takes QP
Pawn to KB4 would have parried the checkmate for the moment, but at the expense of the Queen.
The terminating moves are capably played by Mr. Brenzinger.
22. Kt to B6 ch
23. P to KB5
And Black resigns.

GAME XXXV.

Played at the Brooklyn Chess Club, Messrs. Gilberg and Munoz consulting together against Messrs. Brenzinger and Van Wagner.

EVANS' GAMBIT.

- | | |
|-------------------|-----------------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| Messrs. G. and M. | Messrs. B. and Van W. |
| 1. P to K4 | 1. P to K4 |
| 2. Kt to KB3 | 2. Kt to QB3 |
| 3. B to QB4 | 3. B to QB4 |
| 4. P to QKt4 | 4. B takes P |
| 5. P to QB3 | 5. B to QB4 |
| 6. Castles | 6. P to Q3 |
| 7. P to Q4 | 7. P takes P |
| 8. P takes P | 8. B to QKt3 |
| 9. P to Q5 | 9. Kt to QR4 |
| 10. B to QKt3 | 10. Kt to K2 |
| 11. B to Q2 | 11. Castles |
| 12. Kt to QB3 | 12. Kt to KKt3 |
| 13. Kt to K3 | 13. P to QB4 |
| 14. Q to Q2 | 14. P to QB5 |

This advance is somewhat premature, but we are of the opinion that no matter how the defence is shaped in this phase of the Evans' Gambit, the attack is sure to get the best of it.

- | | |
|---------------|---------------|
| 15. B to QB2 | 15. P to KB3 |
| 16. QR to QB | 16. B to QB2 |
| 17. Kt to Q4 | 17. B to Q2 |
| 18. P to KB4 | 18. P to QKt4 |
| 19. P to KB5 | 19. Kt to K4 |
| 20. Kt to KB4 | 20. B to QKt3 |
| 21. K to R | 21. Q to K |

They ought rather to have taken Kt with B.

- | | |
|----------------|----------------|
| 22. KKt to K6 | 22. B takes Kt |
| 23. Kt takes B | 23. R to KB3 |
| 24. B takes Kt | 24. BP takes B |
| 25. R to K3 | |

The commencement of an attack which Black will find it impossible to resist.

- | | |
|---------------|----------------|
| 26. R to KR3 | 25. Kt to QKt2 |
| 27. P to KKt4 | 26. P to QR4 |
| 28. R to KKt | 27. B to Q |
| 29. P to KKt5 | 28. Kt to QB4 |
| 30. P to Kt6 | 29. QR to R2 |
| 31. R takes P | 30. P takes P |
| | 31. R to KB3 |

This seems to hasten defeat, but in any case the cramped situation of the Black pieces rendered White's victory a mere question of time.

- | | |
|--------------|------------|
| 32. Q to KR6 | 31. Q to K |
| And wins. | |

GAME XXXVI.

Played in the Challenge Cup Tourney of the British Chess Association between Messrs. Blackburne and Macdonnell.

SICILIAN OPENING.

- | | |
|--------------|--------------|
| WHITE—Mr. B. | BLACK—Mr. M. |
| 1. P to K4 | 1. P to QB4 |
| 2. Kt to QB3 | 2. Kt to QB3 |
| 3. P to KKt3 | |

Mr. Paulsen in his match with Anderssen in 1862

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. W., Philadelphia.—Try your hand at the two move position in the present number. Your suggestion should be attended to.

G. T., Baltimore, Md.—Alexandre's collection of Problems entitled *The Beauties of Chess* has long been out of print.

F. A. S., Union Mills, Md.—You have failed to discover the solutions to Problems XVII. and XVIII.

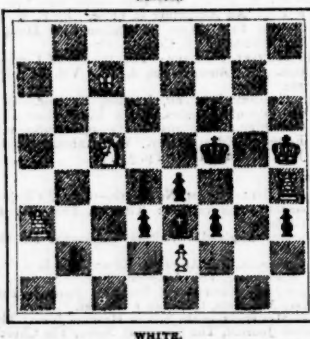
C. N. C., Buffalo, N. Y.—Solutions correct. We agree with you in your estimate of Problem XIX.

TOURNAMENT AT THE NEW YORK CHESS CLUB.—In accordance with the laws governing the above contest, the proceedings were brought to a close on Wednesday, the 17th inst. The prize, consisting of a handsome set of Chessmen, with board to match, was awarded to Capt. Mackenzie, who, out of a total of 31 games played by him, won 27 and lost 4.

A CONSULTATION game was played on Friday last at the New York Chess Club, Messrs. Brenzinger, Delmar, Gilberg, and Perrin, of the Brooklyn Chess Club, consulting against Messrs. Barnett, Bernier, and Mackenzie, of the New York Club. The game, which lasted about three hours, was won by the New Yorkers.

PROBLEM XXIII. By Mr. C. Nadebaum.
From the *Neue Berliner Schachzeitung*.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and checkmate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

PROBLEM XXI.

- | | |
|-----------------------|---------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. K to QKt | 1. P to Q5 |
| 2. B to B2 | 2. P to KB5 |
| 3. P takes P | 3. K takes Kt |
| 4. P to KB5 dis mate. | |

PROBLEM XXII.

First Condition—White to play and checkmate in three moves.

- | | |
|------------------------|--------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. P to KB3 ch | 1. K takes P |
| 2. Kt to Kt2 double ch | 2. K to K4 |
| 3. Q to KB4 mate | |

Second Condition—Black to play and checkmate in three moves.

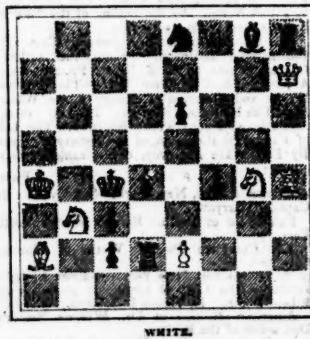
- | | |
|-----------------------|-------------|
| BLACK. | WHITE. |
| 1. R from R4 to R5 ch | 1. K to Kt5 |
| 2. Kt to Q5 ch | 2. K to Kt6 |
| 3. R mates. | |

Third Condition—White to play and compel self-mate in three moves.

- | | |
|------------------------|--------------------|
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
| 1. P to KB3 ch | 1. K takes P |
| 2. Kt to Kt2 double ch | 2. K to K4 |
| 3. R takes KP ch | 3. B takes R mate. |

PROBLEM XXIV. By Mr. S. Loyd.
From *American Chess Nuts*.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and checkmate in two moves.

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